FROM HELL

The Real Story of Jack the Ripper

by Terry Hayes

Based on the Comic Series by Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell

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FIRST DRAFT
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OUT OF DARKNESS

Fade up a title card:

> In 1883 the volcano on the Indonesian island of Krakatoa erupted, showering the world with dust. As this debris fell slowly to earth, it led to a number of strange atmospheric effects. In 1888 the city of London witnessed increasingly bizarre sunsets - green and blood red skies. Contemporary accounts describe it as an unusually lightless year. In retrospect, it seems entirely appropriate...

Whoosh! The screen erupts in orange and red flame. We pull back to reveal -

A STREET VENDOR

fires up a brazier, starting to roast chestnuts and squirrels over the flames. Unseen by him, two urchins crouch under the barrow, trying to capture some of the warmth. It's dusk - a blood red sky turns to purple as night falls.

Silhouetted against it is a grim and awful church. The massive portico and tower are deliberately out of proportion, designed to instill a sense of fear in those who enter. Its name is Christchurch and it stands in the heart of Whitechapel.

This is the armpit of London - grim Victorian tenements, dark alleys and lanes, a filthy pub on every corner. The streets are crowded with the poor and desperate. Scores of prostitutes, ranging in age from the early teens to the late 40's, work the sidewalks and alleys, looking for trade.

A SHOP WINDOW

throws a wedge of light across Dorset Street. Several prostitutes look in at the cheap bonnets and shoes. Among them is a woman in her early 20's - she's poorly dressed, shy looking. Her face is beautiful - she has auburn hair that falls to her shoulders and large bright eyes. Her name is Mary Kelly. Like the other women, she is tired and hungry - trying to make a living the only way she can.

An unshaven bear of a man approaches. Under his jacket he wears a leather apron - he's a butcher. Despite his appearance, several of the women put on their most attractive smiles. None of them can afford to be choosy.

The butcher eyes the women up and down, appraising them. Then he sees Mary and smiles.

BUTCHER
New around here, ain't you?

MARY
(quietly)
A couple of weeks, that's all...

BUTCHER
What's the fare then?

MARY
Eight pence. Six pence for me and tuppence for a room.

BUTCHER
Eight pence for the hour? I can't afford to travel that far. Anything for less?

MARY
A three-penny upright is the cheapest.

BUTCHER
What's an upright, missy?

MARY
There's a lane 'round the back - you do it up against the wall.

The Butcher looks around - a narrow alley leads between two tenements.

BUTCHER
It's dark, is it?

MARY
Dark enough.

He smiles at her - then reaches up and rings an imaginary bell.

BUTCHER
Ding! Ding! All aboard.

Mary turns and leads him into the alley.

A SADDLE MAKER'S YARD

Mary and the Butcher move through the shadows behind the tenements - a workshop and stables form a courtyard. Alleys and passageways run off of it.

Another prostitute enters the courtyard. In her 30's with raven hair and eyes like jet, she looks sassy - a half open blouse and a pert bonnet tied under her chin. This is Annie Chapman - Dark Annie to her friends.

MARY
Hello Annie.

Dark Annie can't see clearly in the gloom. She comes forward, peering -

MARY
It's Mary... Mary Kelly.

DARK ANNIE
Hello, Mary. How's tricks? If you're going to Dutfield Yard be careful - there's a drunk fallen down in the doorway.

MARY
Thanks, Annie.

As they go their separate ways, we crane up: the slums behind the tenements stretch forever - a maze of alleys, broken down hovels and towering walls.

DARK ANNIE

steps into a covered passageway littered with garbage. Smiling, she starts to play hopscotch over the trash.

DARK ANNIE
One, two, buckle my shoe. Three, four shut the door...

A man steps into frame. Silently, he watches Dark Annie from behind. In his hand he carries a knife. Annie skips forward, into -

A MARKET YARD

It's deserted now - empty barrows and wagons line the walls, blocking the only exit. Dark Annie curses at having to retrace her steps. She turns - straight into the man! He slashes with the knife! It cuts straight across her throat - her bonnet flutters to the ground.

Annie keeps staring at the man. Oh, he's good with the blade - he's cut the bonnet clean off her chin and not even scratched the skin. He pulls her face close to his. He's a young man - dead eyes and a cruel smile.

GEORDIE
Annie, isn't it? Dark Annie Chapman?

DARK ANNIE
If...if.. it's money you want, I'm.. I've only got a shilling. If it's t'other... I... I'll do it here.

GEORDIE
Time enough for pleasure later. It's business first.

He jerks her head back, laying open her throat and breasts. A sound behind Annie. She rolls her eyes back - two men emerge from the shadows and stand at back of her. One of them is obviously the leader. This is McQueen.

McQUEEN
We come from Old Nichol Street. Maybe you've heard of us?

Annie nods her head - yes.

McQUEEN
The girls up the other end of Whitechapel like us, Annie. We keep an eye on the streets, make sure there's no trouble, you know the sort of thing. Now a fine service like that doesn't come free, does it? The girls have to pay, and not a shilling, either.

DARK ANNIE
How much?

McQUEEN
Every girl, a pound a week each.

DARK ANNIE
A pound?! There's no hope -

McQUEEN
That doesn't sound like enthusiasm. What a shame.
(to Geordie)
Do it!

Geordie clamps his hand over Annie's mouth and slashes the knife across her exposed breasts. Annie's face crumples in pain - she slumps in his arms. McQueen puts his face close.

McQUEEN
We like you, Annie - that's why we chose you. You're a good looking girl and you work hard. Now if we do that to someone we like, just imagine what we'll do to someone who gives us trouble. Tell that to the other girls, will you? We'll be round come Friday for the money.

Geordie lets go of her. She falls to the ground. The men vanish into the shadows.

THREE PENNIES

are thrown to the ground. We are in Dutfield's Yard, a small and shadowy area next to a warehouse. Mary bends and picks up the money. The Butcher pulls aside his apron, getting ready to take her. A sound in the shadows, sort of like a gasping - Annie staggers into the yard, clutching her blouse across her chest.

DARK ANNIE
(softly)
Mary... I've been cut, Mary.

Mary goes to her - she sees the blood covering Annie's blouse.

MARY
Sweet Jesus...
(to the butcher)
Help us - c'mon she needs help.

The man backs away, doing up his fly -

BUTCHER
I came here for some twat - I don't want any trouble.

MARY
For Chrissakes, the girl's bleeding!

He turns and runs. Slam! He trips over something lying in the doorway - it's the drunk. The Butcher scrambles to his feet and keeps running.

MARY
Men... bloody men!

She cradles Annie in her arms and yells for help. The sound carries across the slums of Dorset Street. A couple of lanterns come on -

THE RINGERS

is a down-at-heel pub on the corner of Dorset and Crispin Streets. It's real name - as it still is today - is The Britannia. The nickname comes from the proprietors - Walter Ringer and his wife. Annie lies on a couch, a sheet draped from the rafters gives a little privacy from the drinkers. The wound across her chest has just been bandaged.

The local Doctor washes the blood and iodine from his hands. Two policemen, Mary and several other more experienced prostitutes watch -

DOCTOR LEWELLYN
It'll heal, well enough. She just needs to bathe it every day - no doubt that'll come as quite a shock. I've left some laudanum for the pain.

He packs his equipment into his bag. Annie reaches in to her purse and drops a couple of pennies in his hand - that's all the money she's got. The Doctor looks at the other women, waiting. They all contribute - Mary pulls out the three soiled pennies and hands it over.

DOCTOR LEWELLYN
Glad to be of service. Good night, ladies.

He steps through the sheet. The senior policeman turns to Annie -

SERGEANT
I need to get a statement from you.

DARK ANNIE
What - and it'll be my throat that's cut tomorrow? No, thank you, Sergeant. There's laws down here in the East End, but they're not made by coppers.

Several of the other prostitutes nod in agreement.

SERGEANT
Do you want our help or not?

One of the women laughs. This is Polly Nichols. She's a good hearted woman in her late 20's. A crooked smile gives her a cock-eyed, impish look -

POLLY
Help - you? Since when has anyone given a shit about us? We're poor and we're women. There's never a copper around when we need one.

DARK ANNIE
You just come round and pick up the pieces. Glorified undertakers, that's what you are.

SERGEANT
And what do you call something that fucks in the street? A bitch, that's what I say.
(turns to the constable)
Write it down, Charlie - she tripped and fell on a piece of glass. Accidental injury.

He picks up his jacket, turns and walks out.

A MAGNIFICENT HOUSE

It's a grand Nash-designed terrace in Belgravia - all pillars and balustrades. Through a huge window we see a sparkling chandelier -

IN THE DRAWING ROOM

are about thirty people - men in black tie, the women in satin and jewels. It's after dinner and the butler serves drinks and cigars. A man near the fireplace turns and takes a brandy balloon. He's in his early 30's, handsome, a little out of his depth in such glittering company. But there's a strength about him, a cool intelligence in his eyes that makes you feel if there was trouble you'd want him on your side. This is Fred Abberline.

On the other side of the room is Sir Charles Warren, the Commissioner of Police. He is in his 60's, gray-haired, strong in appearance but weak in character. He is talking to a big elderly woman, dressed in layers of cream silk. She looks like a galleon in full sail -

LADY ROSSIE
And this Mr Abberline, Sir Charles - you say he's a Detective Inspector or something. Tell me, what brings a man like him to the attention of the Police Commissioner?

SIR CHARLES
Have you ever been to Whitechapel, m'lady?

LADY ROSSIE
Good God, no.

SIR CHARLES
I don't recommend it. There's seventy thousand people crammed into five square miles. Unemployment is over sixty per cent - and that's among the men. There's nothing for the women, nothing at all, not unless you count starvation or a profession which good manners precludes me from mentioning. The Black Hole of Calcutta - it's here, in the heart of London. Imagine the sort of man that has brought at least some order to it. That's Inspector Abberline. He's an outstanding officer, m'lady.

LADY ROSSIE
(smiling)
Apparently so. And now you're going to turn him loose on us wicked dowagers of Belgravia? Of course, this place is full of crime, too, but as everybody knows - up here we at least have the good taste to keep it behind closed doors. Don't you think your Inspector may be a trifle bored?

SIR CHARLES
I shouldn't think so. Mr Abberline's very ambitious - this is a wonderful opportunity for him. He's already an Inspector at thirty-four - who knows, at this rate he'll have my job before he's done.

LADY ROSSIE
Then it's just as well he works hard - that's a high bar for anyone to clear.

Sir Charles gives a little bow, acknowledging the compliment.

LADY ROSSIE
When does he start?

SIR CHARLES
Not for a couple of months but I thought we should get him acclimatized. The air up in the West End can be quite rarefied.

Lady Rossie keeps looking at Abberline. She speaks quietly.

LADY ROSSIE
He's handsome enough, I'll give him that. Standards and loyalty, that's all we ask of a man, isn't it Sir Charles?

AT THE FIREPLACE

Abberline is with a group about to play cards. One of the men shuffles the two packs - nonchalantly he fires the cards from one hand to the other, fans them in mid-air, cuts them and fans them again. He's in his late 30's - rich and arrogant. This is the seventh Earl of Pembroke - Duchy to his friends. He speaks to Abberline -

DUCHY
Would you care to shuffle... I'm sorry, I can't recall your name.

ABBERLINE
Abberline. Fred Abberline. I don't know any tricks. I can play, that's about all.

DUCHY
Surprising. I would have thought a member of the constabulary would have known a lot more tricks than us less worldly people. I think you're being shy. Come on - dazzle us.

Before Abberline can answer, a middle-aged man who has spent his life with the bottle interrupts. Pouring himself another cognac, he speaks to the Earl -

WILLY
Leave it off, Duchy. What would you know about "the constabulary" anyway?

DUCHY
(evenly)
You're quite right, of course, Willy - I've never actually <u>met</u> a policeman before.

He turns back to Abberline. His smile is even more patronizing than his words -

WILLY
Light me up, will you Frederick?

He puts a large Havana in his mouth and points at a glowing taper lying in the fireplace. The two men look at each other. The other members of the group watch. Among them is the hostess. She is 29, very beautiful and quite spoilt - ten years previously she inherited a fortune. Her name is Lady Jane D'Urbanville and right now her eyes are totally on the handsome Abberline.

A beat - then Abberline turns and reaches for the taper. So - he gives in. Duchy smiles and leans forward with the cigar, waiting for the light.

ABBERLINE
Actually, there is one trick I know.

DUCHY
Really? You must show us -

Abberline knocks back his entire glass of cognac - and spits! A stream of liquor arches towards the cigar. Abberline touches the glowing taper to it - the liquor bursts into flame. It looks like Abberline is breathing fire. The stream of flame lights the end of the cigar and dies. The rest of the group stare in amazement - then Lady Jane claps and cheers. The others join in. Duchy touches his singed forehead -

DUCHY
Those were my eyebrows.

ABBERLINE
Sorry. The trick's a bit like me I guess - it needs a little refinement.

WILLY
Damn fine trick it you ask me! Far better than that crap with the cards.

Lady Jane catches Abberline's eye - they smile at one another. And Lady Jane keeps smiling - long enough for Willy to note her interest in Abberline.

A ROW OF CARRIAGES

is drawn up in front of the mansion - the guests are leaving. Lady Jane stands at the drawing room window. Only a few intimate friends remain. She watches Abberline get into Sir Charles' coach. Willy takes Lady Jane's hand -

WILLY
He seems like a fine chap.

LADY JANE
He does, doesn't he?

WILLY
It's funny though, he said his father was the doctor at High Wycombe. When I was young my family had a place there. Damned if I can recall the doctor having a son.

LADY JANE
You were probably drunk, that's why.

Another woman has been listening. She turns to Lady Jane -

VIOLET
How could you, Jane? You heard Willy - he said he was just a child. You didn't become a drunk until much later, did you darling?

WILLY
No, Jane's right, I'm afraid. I realized very early drinking's like sport - you have to start very young if you really want to achieve anything.

Lady Jane laughs but her eyes are still on the coach.

MILLER'S RENTS

is a collection of hovels built around a courtyard just off Dorset Street. It's late at night, the pubs have closed, and the courtyard is crowded with men and women. The landlord - an unshaven pig of man - stands outside collecting money for an overnight stay in a tiny room. Mary and Polly, accompanied by another prostitute from The Ringers, are supporting Dark Annie. They shuffle towards the landlord. Mary looks in her purse -

MARY
I've only got a half-penny left - it looks like I'll be traveling steerage.

POLLY
Me too.
(turns to Annie)
You cleaned us out, darlin' - what with the doctor and all that gin you needed for your nerves. I had a husband like that once - he was so nervous he never spent a day sober.

They front up to the landlord, each dropping a half-penny into his dirt-stained hand. He jerks his head, indicating the house behind him.

LANDLORD
Second hall on the left.

A NARROW ROOM

is empty except for several long wooden benches. Crowded onto them are the urban poor - mothers with kids, hollow-eyed men and down-trodden youths. Sitting on back-to-back benches so they form a huddle, are the four women -

POLLY
A pound each!

DARK ANNIE
That's what they said.

Mary and the other prostitute - Liz Stride - look equally shocked. Liz - known as Long Liz because of her height - grew up in Sweden and speaks with an accent.

LONG LIZ
How do they think we earn so much?

DARK ANNIE
That's not their problem. I used to work up that end of Whitechapel, that's how they knew me. There was a girl called Emma Smith who wouldn't pay. They didn't cut her breasts, they... they cut her down there.

The other women look horrified.

DARK ANNIE
That's when I moved down Dorset Street. I'm not getting cut again, I don't care how hard I have to work.

LONG LIZ
Easy to say. How many hours are there in the day?

POLLY
It's not just that. There are ways to earn more money, but there's some things I just won't do.

DARK ANNIE
What are you talking about?

POLLY
You know, what some blokes want - foreign ideas, if you ask me.

Dark Annie just stares at her. She's the most experienced of them all and obviously nothing's off the menu with her.

DARK ANNIE
Yeah - not like the English, of course - pull your dress up, back against the wall, that's their contribution to the art of love.

POLLY
I've got standards, that's all I'm saying... yes, you can laugh Annie Chapman but -

MARY
(quietly)
I think I know where we can get the money.

The other three women turn and look at her, taken aback.

DARK ANNIE
What?

MARY
And not a few pounds either. If we're going to do this, I was thinking we should all get out of Whitechapel. I was going to ask for fifty.

The other women just stare. Then Polly starts to laugh - fifty pounds! Liz Stride's not sure if it's a joke or not. Only Dark Annie doesn't smile -

DARK ANNIE
If we're going to do <u>what</u>, Mary?

Mary is about to answer but she sees three men approaching. She falls silent. The men, employees of the landlord, string ropes the length of the room and pull them taut, across the chests of the people sitting on the benches. They've paid to sleep sitting upright - the rope prevents them pitching forward while they're asleep. The gas lights are turned down.

Darkness.

CLOUDS OF STEAM

billow out of the rail yards at Liverpool Street station - a huge building, a Gothic cathedral to the locomotive. The steam pours across a busy road and hits a grim stone building. Over the doors is a sign: .

Bishopsgate Police Station

INSIDE THE BASEMENT

Bang! A jet of flame shoots out the end of a barrel as a gun fires. We pull back to reveal a group of policemen watching Abberline firing at a makeshift target. He's still got his coat on - he's just arrived at work. The gun is a long-barreled revolver, deadly accurate and beautifully made. He hands it to one of the uniformed officers -

ABBERLINE
Where did you get it, Constable?

CONSTABLE
We took it off an American seaman last night. He was walking around with it in his coat - probably thought he was Wyatt Earp.

ABBERLINE
Lock it in the evidence cabinet when you're finished. Not that we'll need it - I bet he's already jumped bail. He's probably on a freighter right now practicing his French.

He turns to the door. He sees the Sergeant at his locker - he's just finished the night shift and is getting ready to leave.

Abberline joins him - together they walk out the door and along a corridor.

ABBERLINE
What's on the blotter - anything I should know?

SERGEANT
A bang-tail got her tits cut down near Dutfield Yard. It looks like our friends from Nichol Street are moving south - not that the women'd tell you. Still, I suppose we should feel sorry for 'em.

ABBERLINE
Sorry for em? I would if they tried to help themselves. You've seen what it's like down Commercial Road - the night schools and the free institute are empty. But you can't say that about the pubs, can you? Drinking's the biggest industry in Whitechapel. And the women are as bad as the men.

SERGEANT
Worse. But not yours to worry about much longer, Fred. No whores up in Belgravia - at least none that we could afford.

ABBERLINE
Two months, Pete - it can't happen soon enough.

They disappear up the stairs.

LARGE SKYLIGHTS

form the ceiling of a spectacular artist's studio: beautiful furniture, an easel in the middle of the room, canvasses on the walls. It's mid-morning - the front door opens and a man enters. He's in his early 30's - well-dressed, sophisticated, cold. This is Walter Sickert and he's a painter - in time, a famous one. As he takes off his hat and coat he sees an envelope that's been pushed under the door.

He picks it up, rips open the flap and starts to read the letter. Though we don't see the words, his face becomes increasingly grim -

SICKERT
What the hell, Mary...

At last he lays it down. He walks to the window and stares out, thinking. Then he comes to a decision.

SICKERT
Anyway, I wash my hands of it.

He tugs on a bell-pull and a moment later a manservant enters -

SICKERT
I want you to deliver something for me.

As he puts the letter in another envelope and addresses it, we tilt up to one of the canvasses on the wall. It shows a naked woman lying on a crumpled bed. We recognize the props - it was obviously painted in the studio - and the woman. It's Mary Kelly.

CLIVEDEN

is one of England's great country houses - east wing, west wing, twenty bedrooms and attics for sixty servants. The whole magnificent pile sparkles now in the autumn sunshine. A horse-drawn carriage travels down the driveway and stops in front of the house's elegant entrance. Sir Charles Warren gets out and walks up the steps.

THE GARDENS

of the house seem to stretch forever: banks of flowers, stunning topiaries, immaculate hedges. An elderly man - beautifully dressed, distinguished, powerful - walks down an avenue of white jonquils. This is Lord Hailsham and Cliveden is his home. Sir Charles walks at his side.

HAILSHAM
Forty years I was a soldier, Sir Charles. I saw men with great skill and learning, on a few occasions I witnessed outstanding bravery, but you know the quality I came to value most - love of country. I know you have it, Sir Charles, and so do I. In our different ways we both serve the Kingdom. We would pay any price rather than see harm come to it, wouldn't we?

SIR CHARLES
Yes, certainly, Lord Hailsham.

HAILSHAM
So it is with deep regret I must tell you that I have received a letter, a very worrisome letter. It deals with matters of great delicacy. Some woman is trying to trade information for money. Somehow she has learned things and now, like a ghost out of the past, they come back. But like most ghosts, the only thing to do is lay it to rest.

Hailsham takes Mary's letter out of his jacket pocket and gives it to Sir Charles. They continue walking - the jonquils give way to banks of roses as Sir Charles reads the letter. He looks up -

SIR CHARLES
I can assure you, m'lord, the Metropolitan Police will do whatever is necessary to apprehend the offender.

HAILSHAM
Offenders - you see the woman refers to *us*. But it's not really a question of catching anyone, Sir Charles. As I said, this is a situation of great delicacy. It's more a matter of silence.

SIR CHARLES
Silence, m'lord? I'm not sure I follow...

HAILSHAM
You have a good man in Whitechapel, do you?

Sir Charles stares at him, his anxiety starting to rocket.

SIR CHARLES
Yes. Abberline. Fred Abberline.

HAILSHAM
Good. We don't want any of your people blundering around where they don't belong, do we?

SIR CHARLES
Blundering into what? I really need to know what you mean -

HAILSHAM
Not at all. You don't have to do a thing, Sir Charles. This Abberline - ambitious is he?

SIR CHARLES
(lost)
Yes.

HAILSHAM
Excellent. In my experience men who want to move out of their class are always bendable - wouldn't you agree, Sir Charles?

Hailsham looks straight at him -a look of real cruelty. We realize - Sir Charles wasn't always a knight of the realm; he, too, has moved out of his class.

SIR CHARLES
(bitterly)
Bendable? Yes, my lord, I suppose they often are. But I am the Commissioner of Police. I must insist you tell me what this entails.

HAILSHAM
No, you won't insist, Sir Charles. All I have to do is ask you a question... Who will help the widow's son?

Sir Charles stares in silence. A beat. Then he bows his head in acquiescence. Lord Hailsham puts his hand on Sir Charles's shoulder and leads him back towards the house.

BROOK STREET

is a row of beautiful houses in the heart of Mayfair. Gas lamps glow in the cold London night. It's late and the houses are in darkness. All except number seventy-four. This is the residence of Sir William Gull. We push in on it -

IN THE BATHROOM

Gull is in his 50's, a handsome but arrogant looking man - a tilted jaw, aquiline nose, a soft mouth. Right now he is almost naked. His flesh is flabby and sickly white, the teats of an aging man hang down. Despite the hour he has just finished shaving, his face pink and shining, his hair powdered and perfectly parted. He reaches into a jar, takes out a handful of lavender and crushes the petals in his fingers, releasing the perfume. Slowly he rubs it over his soft skin, scenting himself. He starts to dress.

THE RINGERS

The pub is crowded with drinkers. We track past a crowd of men to a table near the fire. Sitting at it are Mary, Dark Annie, Long Liz and Polly. With them is a friend of theirs - another prostitute called Catherine Eddowes. Polly is laughing, modeling a new black bonnet.

At the bar is a coachman - a big man in his early 30's - mean and cunning. This is the sort of man who is cruel to those beneath him and fawning to those he considers his betters. His name is John Netley. He leans forward and says something to Walter Ringer - the publican.

RINGER
Mary Kelly? That's her - the fine looking woman.

He points across the room then leans close, confidential -

RINGER
She hasn't been on the street long. Fresh, so to speak. If it's fun you're after, you couldn't do better than her.

NETLEY
Those others they're all her friends, are they?

Ringer looks at him - he's not sure what he's driving at.

RINGER
Well... yeah... she drinks with 'em, if that's what you mean. Most nights they have a bite of supper.

NETLEY
I'm a coachman, Mr Ringer. Let me tell you what I'm gettin' at. If I wanted to double-team a couple of fillies and take 'em for a good hard ride, then it could be Mary Kelly and one of her pals, could it?

RINGER
Double team 'em? Ha! Ha! Yeah, but don't let your head make a promise your dick can't keep. Ha! Ha!

NETLEY
Don't worry about that. It's like you say, Mr Ringer - it's certainly fun I'm after.

At the table, the women have bought another round of drinks - they're still laughing, enjoying themselves. They look up - Netley is standing next to them. Polly is the most brazen -

POLLY
Hello. A strappin' fella like you - you're lookin' for company, I bet.

Netley just keeps looking at her. He doesn't say a word.

POLLY
Oh, Lord - not a foreigner, are you?

There's peals of laughter from the others. Netley gives a crooked smile -

NETLEY
No, missus. East End born and bred.
What's yer name, darlin'?

POLLY
Polly Nichols. Interested?

NETLEY
Maybe later, Polly.

POLLY
Yeah, sure - that's what they all say.

Netley pulls on his coat, smiles and goes out the door.

THE DRAWING ROOM

at Brook Street. Gull, elegantly dressed now, takes a small medicine bottle and puts it in his pocket. A clock somewhere in the house chimes the hour. 11 p.m. Gull checks his watch. Right on time a butler opens the door -

BUTLER
Your carriage, sir.

Gull picks up a small leather bag (like an attache case) and heads for the door.

IN THE STREET

Gull comes out of the house. Netley climbs down from the driver's seat and opens the door of a small black carriage.

GULL
Good evening, Netley. They say before any great campaign Roman generals always marched their men past the glories of the city. No matter what lay ahead, they wanted the soldiers to remember what they were fighting for. We have time, Netley - drive past the Palace and down the Mall, I want to see the sights of London.

RATCLIFFE DOCKS

are burning. Several large warehouses sticking into the Thames River are ablaze. Pillars of smoke rise into the night, the leaping flames reflected in the river. Boom! Barrels of pitch, stored in one of the warehouses, explode. In the glare we see people gathering on the nearby roads and docks to watch.

A SCOTTISH CASTLE

stands brilliant in the moonlight - turrets, crenellated walls and a silver lake. From inside, we hear an orchestra and gay, brittle laughter.

IN THE BALLROOM

aristocratic men in kilts and dinner suits swing jeweled women around the dance floor. As the silk and taffeta sail by, we hold on a man's face. He's in his late 20's - pale skin and refined features - dressed in the best clothes money can buy. We don't know his name but at one stage in his life he called himself Albert Victor.

The dance comes to an end and Albert bows to his young and silly partner. From the back of the room, a voice rings out. This is the Laird of the castle -

THE LAIRD
My lords, ladies and gentlemen - the loyal toast.

Everyone picks up a glass and raises it to an illuminated portrait of Queen Victoria -

THE LAIRD
The Queen!

Albert Victor stares at the portrait, undisguised hatred in his eyes. The orchestra strikes up "God save the Queen". It bridges over to -

A COMFORTABLE APARTMENT

in London. Sir Charles Warren, the Police Commissioner, is getting ready for bed. His butler, holding a silver tray, watches as Sir Charles opens a letter that has just arrived. On the top is an embossed letter-head - it's from Lord Hailsham.

SIR CHARLES
"Just a note to inform you the first of the ghosts will be laid to rest tonight. I believe you dined this evening with the Prime Minister. I trust you enjoyed your dinner."

INSIDE THE RINGERS

Mary and the other prostitutes are still at their table. Mrs Ringer delivers a pile of bread and plates of stew to the table.

MARY
You sure you won't be having any, Polly?

POLLY
I can't be sittin' here all night. Board needs earning.

She drains the last of the gin from her glass and gets to her feet.

SPITALFIELDS MARKET

is a huge place. A stall keeper puts a bunch of black grapes into a bag and hands it to Netley. He pays and walks to the carriage. The door handle turns as Gull tries to open it. Netley laughs -

NETLEY
You've forgotten, yer lordship. I told you - I fixed the doors so they can't be opened from inside.

Netley slides the window down and hands the bag of grapes to Gull.

OUTSIDE THE RINGERS

The front door of the pub opens and Polly steps out into the cold night. She ties on her new bonnet and heads down the dimly-lit street. Above the roofs of the tenements the sky glows red from the fire at the docks. It looks like hell. Polly heads towards it. She starts to sing -

POLLY
"Green grow the rushes-o!
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so..."

She turns into -

DORSET STREET

The white stone of Christchurch reaches up into the night. Under every street lamp we see prostitutes - old and young, pretty and haggard, ashamed and brazen.

Polly moves through the shadows. We track in behind her - someone is following her. Closer... closer. Crack! She turns, startled. Netley's coach stands right beside her. He sits atop it, smiling, the whip he's just cracked dangling in his hand.

NETLEY
Didn't scare you, did I darlin'? Polly, isn't it? Remember me - the strappin' feller from The Ringers? Said I'd come back, didn't I?

POLLY
(smiling)
Yeah, that's right - you did too.

NETLEY
Listen, Polly - I've got a very refined gentleman inside. He's taken a likin' to you - a real likin'.

POLLY
Oh, he has, has he?

She turns and looks in the window - the blind is drawn.

NETLEY
Go on, girl - open the door.

She turns the handle and swings the door open. All she can see is a pair of expensive doe-skin shoes - then Gull leans forward out of the darkness and smiles at her.

GULL
Would you like a grape, Polly?

POLLY
Ooh, I do love 'em. I never can afford 'em though.

She steps into the carriage.

GULL
Go on, have as many as you like. To the Druids, grapes were known as the fruit of sacrifice. London was once a Druid village - did you know that, Polly?

POLLY
No, sir, I can't say I did.

Gull closes the door. Netley snaps the reins. The carriage disappears into the gloom.

RATCLIFFE DOCKS

The fire has burned the warehouses to the bones - the brick walls stand like skeletons amid the flames. People have crowded around the docks, watching the fire-trucks and bucket brigades.

The coach is parked in a quiet cul-de-sac, hard up against a building. The door handle jerks as Polly tries desperately to open it. Slam! Her head is rammed up against the window. Her eyes are glazed, she tries to scream but somehow she doesn't seem able to manage it. Gull puts his soft mouth close to her ear -

GULL
Mary Kelly, Liz Stride, Annie Chapman and you. Who else, Polly?

POLLY
(tiny, slurred)
Kate Eddowes. She weren't there for the letter writing, we told her later.

GULL
Anyone else?

POLLY
There weren't nobody else. Can I go now?

GULL
(kindly)
Freedom, Polly - that's what we all want, isn't it? "You shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free." That's what the Savior said. Do you believe in the Savior, Polly?

POLLY
'Course I do.

GULL
I don't. Mine is the God of the Old Testament -

His manicured hand twists Polly's head back, exposing her throat.

GULL
"Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron,
thou shalt dash them in pieces like a
potter's jar."

A flash of steel! Gull drives a long double-edged knife down towards her throat -

GULL
The God who punishes blackmailers
and traitors - that's the God I love, Polly!

At the last moment, Gull looks away - he can't even watch it himself. Polly screams and jerks. Gull feels the blade hit flesh and bone. He slumps, relieved - the anticipation is always worse than the reality. He looks back - Polly is staring at him, wide-eyed, terrified. The blade has missed her throat and sliced into her collarbone. For a moment they just stare at one another, then Gull lifts up the bloody knife and plunges it at her throat again. This time she can't avoid it.

ON TOP OF THE COACH

Netley sits in the driver's seat, rocking as the coach sways with the fury of what is happening inside. Netley's too scared to even look down - he stares straight ahead, watching the fire turn the sky blood-red.

BRADY STREET

Netley's coach is parked in an unlit street. He and Gull stagger along beneath the weight of something wrapped in the canvas tarpaulin. They turn into Buck's Row, a narrow alley. Gull stumbles and falls. He picks himself up and moves on but he's limping - he's sprained his ankle. They up-end the tarpaulin. Polly's body slides to the ground. Netley looks at her blood-soaked clothes -

NETLEY
Jesus God...

Polly moans ever so slightly. She's still alive. Netley, revolted, looks at Gull -

GULL
Don't stare at me! Men have always
reserved the most extreme punishment
for crimes like hers. Now lay her out,
Netley. Pull up her petticoats.

Netley rolls her over onto her back. He looks down at his hands - they're covered in blood. He turns and walks away -

GULL
Damn you, Netley!

Gull opens the leather attache case. Fitted inside are a range of instruments - it's a portable amputation kit. He takes out a knife with a hooked end. It's called a crooked bistoury. He kneels between Polly's legs and runs his hand up the flesh of her thighs. He's sweating - he loosens his collar. He grabs hold of her underpants and slowly pulls them down.

Netley looks at Gull's face. The man's lips are moist, his eyes glistening. He stabs the crooked bistoury towards Polly's stomach. Netley can't watch. All we hear is a gasp from Polly.

A POLICE CARRIAGE

travels fast down a dark, leafy street. It stops in front of a big house that has been turned into a middle-class lodging house. The Sergeant from Bishopsgate leaps out of the carriage and hurries up the steps -

A SUITE OF ROOMS

The embers of a fire glow in the hearth - we glimpse a study, a sitting room, a bedroom. There's a loud knock on the door. Abberline, alone in bed, sits up. He picks up his watch - it's almost 3am. Another knock - louder, more insistent. Abberline swings out of bed and goes for the door.

POLLY'S BODY

lies spread-eagled in the grime of Buck's Row. Her dress and petticoats are back in place. Abberline - unshaven, hair still tousled from sleep - and the Sergeant make their way through curious onlookers. Doctor Lewellyn is waiting for them.

DOCTOR LEWELLYN
There are two major knife wounds. The first hit her collarbone and deflected. I doubt it would have killed her. The second cut her throat from ear to ear. It's so deep it damn near cut her head off.

Abberline kneels beside the body. Polly's skirt and bodice are covered in blood but none of the rest of her clothing appears out of place. Abberline takes her clenched right hand. Gently, he folds back the fingers - lying in her palm is a grape.

Flash! A brilliant white light bathes the scene. Abberline turns - a photographer has set up his huge camera and tripod. Abberline turns to the Sergeant -

ABBERLINE
Who the fuck let him in here?! Come on get her down to the morgue.

THE MORGUE

is the grimmest place we've seen - a cobbled floor, stone walls and marble slabs. Two elderly men - paupers - use shears to cut away Polly's blood-stained clothing. One of the paupers reels back, gagging.

DOCTOR LEWELLYN
What the...?!

He walks forward and looks at where Polly's stomach has been exposed. Her petticoats are draped so that we don't see what the Doctor does, but from the look on his face it must be terrible.

DOCTOR LEWELLYN
Jesus Christ.

INSIDE THE POLICE STATION

It's not quite dawn - two overworked constables are taking statements from residents of Buck's Row. Through an open door we see into -

ABBERLINE'S OFFICE

He sits at his desk - grim, haggard. Polly's blood-stained dress has been pinned to the wall. The Sergeant enters. He hands Abberline a copy of a newspaper - the morning's "Illustrated Police News". On the front page is the photo of Abberline kneeling over the body.

SERGEANT
Have you seen it? They say the killing's so ferocious, it couldn't possibly have been done by an Englishman.

ABBERLINE
Yes. I've already had a note from the Commissioner. He says Buffalo Bill Cody and his Wild West Show are appearing in Drury Lane. He wants us to interview the Red Indians. And you know what? We might as well because I'm damned if I know where else to start.

SERGEANT
The Old Nichol Street boys. That lass Annie Chapman was cut by them. And then there was Emma Smith - we damn well know, they killed her.

ABBERLINE
Question them, Pete - we'll have to try anything - but I don't think it's them. There were forty-two separate wounds on her body -

SERGEANT
I know. I was there, I saw them.

ABBERLINE
Not all of them! Neither of us did. I want this kept quiet as long as possible, Pete.
(he pauses)
He disemboweled her. The killer took her intestines out then replaced her underwear. Some of her organs, or at least parts of 'em, are missing. For all I know he ate them. No, I'm not joking. Does that sound like the Old Nichol Street boys to you?

SERGEANT
I've seen alligators waddling through the shit in the gutters, I arrested a bloke one night who was leading an albino round on a chain, but a woman ripped and gutted...? What the fuck are we dealing with, Fred?

Abberline shakes his head - he can't answer that.

A HORSE TROUGH

stands at the back of Miller's Rents. It's the start of a new day - half dressed women are gathered around the trough, washing themselves. Mary, Dark Annie, Liz and Kate are standing to one side. Several of them are red-eyed, they are all distraught, worried - they've heard the news about Polly.

LONG LIZ
Of course it was them! We haven't paid, have we?

DARK ANNIE
Imagine what we'll do if we have trouble - that's what the bastard said, something like that.

MARY
But Polly... she was so -

KATE
(interrupting)
There's no helping Polly. It's who's next that worries me. What about the letter you sent?

MARY
Not a word.

DARK ANNIE
He's had long enough, I reckon.

MARY
I'll send him another note tomorrow.

DARK ANNIE
No. You go round there, darlin'. Understand?

Mary, scared like the rest of them, nods her head - yes.

A SMALL GRAVEYARD

A huge crowd has gathered, pushing forward, trying to get a glimpse of Polly's cheap wooden coffin. It stands next to an open grave, a minister leading the small group of mourners through the burial service. Mary and the other three prostitutes stand at one side. Liz tries but she can't stop crying.

Abberline and the Sergeant stand on a small hillock, shocked at the size of the crowd.

ABBERLINE
Jesus! Have you seen anything like it? Nobody gave a shit about her when she was alive. Now they can't get enough of her.

SERGEANT
That's the newspapers for you - trumping everything up. They don't let the truth get in the way of a good story. The "Star's" got some bloke — called "Leather Apron". Of course, he just happens to be a butcher so that's put the fear of God up everyone.

ABBERLINE
But it goes deeper than that, Pete - this has got sex and blood and death. Those are the things of myth, older than any of us. Look at these people! It makes you wonder what else is ripping along just below the surface. Get some men - keep those bloody kids away!

The Sergeant sends a pair of constables to drive off a group of urchins. Abberline keeps looking at the crowd. His eye falls on the group of women. He points at them.

ABBERLINE
Polly's co-workers?

SERGEANT
Some of 'em. They all drink at the Ringers. The one at the end is Annie Chapman - Dark Annie - the one that got cut.

But Abberline's not looking at her.

ABBERLINE
Who's next to her - the handsome one?

SERGEANT
Mary Kelly. But there's not point in speaking to any of 'em - even if they know anything they're not going to help.

THE STREETS OF WHITECHAPEL

It's early evening, the same day - the lodging houses are empty, the sidewalks are crowded with drunks, beggars and women trolling for trade. Abberline picks his way through a log-jam of carts and horse-drawn buses. An organ grinder and his monkey belt out a tune. A sidewalk preacher stands on a ladder, waving his Bible -

PREACHER
"I looked, and behold a pale horse! His name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given to him over the earth, to kill with sword and with famine..."

Abberline shoulders his way through a circle of men. In the center is a man with a bear on a chain. Other men have pit bulls on leashes. In a moment one of the dogs will be turned loose on the bear. Abberline, disgusted, keeps walking. He passes -

THE STEPS OF CHRISTCHURCH

A group of street urchins chase each other through the derelicts camped on the steps. It's an old game with a new twist - a stockily-built boy has a piece of rag tied around his waist and a pointed stick like a knife in his hand. He yells -

BOY
Aaargh! I'm Lever Apron! Where's Polly? Where's Polly?!

Other kids, girls mostly, run screaming, clutching their throats.

THE RINGERS PUB

is packed - an informal wake for Polly is still in progress. Dark Annie and Liz Stride get up from a corner table and head for the door. They leave Mary Kelly to count through pennies and farthings, settling up the bill. A voice behind her -

ABBERLINE
If you're happier on your own I understand, but I was wondering if I could buy you a drink?

Mary turns. She looks him up and down. Then she smiles -

MARY
A drink'd be lovely. A small gin, thanks.

Abberline signals to the barman and sits down at the table.

MARY
You must be new around here.

ABBERLINE
Why's that?

MARY
Well, you're polite for a start.

ABBERLINE
(smiling)
Not new. I work up the other end of Whitechapel. I'm a saddle-maker.

MARY
I knew a chap that was a saddle-maker up there - in Folgate Street.

ABBERLINE
That's Eric Howell. No, I'm down in Brady Street, near Buck's Row.

He watches her react.

ABBERLINE
Yeah, that's right - where that woman got murdered. The place is full of gawkers - can't even get in a pub.

MARY
(quietly)
I knew her.

Abberline feigns surprise. The barman arrives with the drinks. Mary takes a hit.

ABBERLINE
One of the papers said it might have been a protection racket but I don't believe it. I mean, killing someone isn't going to make her pay, is it?

MARY
It would others, though. They cut another friend of mine just the other night. You know what it's like in the East End - women are just trade. Why not kill Polly - there's always another girl. It's a business expense. One thing I don't understand, though, is the carriage. These are hard-boys - it's not like them to be in a carriage.

ABBERLINE
(surprised)
A carriage?

MARY
Yeah, they had to be, didn't they? Emily Holland said she saw Polly in Whitechapel Road. Twenty minutes later, according to the paper, Polly was dead. She couldn't get from Whitechapel Road to Bucks Row in that time.

ABBERLINE
'Course she could - she just goes up past Christchurch.

MARY
How? They're digging up the road. A mountain goat couldn't get through.

ABBERLINE
Then she'd cut across Dorset Street and through Dutfield's Yard. It's a five minute walk to Bucks Row.

MARY
You'd never make a detective, Mr Saddlemaker - Dutfield's yard is where Annie Chapman got cut. Most of the working women think evil sticks to a place. Polly was really superstitious, she'd never have gone near Dutfield's Yard. Not in a hundred years. No, the only way was by cab or carriage, no question.

Abberline spins it round in his head. Finally -

ABBERLINE
Fred.

MARY
What?

ABBERLINE
My name. It's not Mr Saddlemaker, it's Fred.

Mary smiles - it makes her look even more beautiful. She puts out her hand -

MARY
Mary Kelly.

ABBERLINE
That's clever, Mary - that thing about the carriage. Can I get you another drink?

MARY
No, but thanks - I've got to earn my keep.

Their eyes meet. They look at one another.

MARY
You know, if you've a mind to, we could get a room.

Abberline looks at her - he's tempted, no doubt of that. Then he shakes his head -

ABBERLINE
No. I mean... thanks, but I won't - not tonight.

She smiles at him.

MARY
First it was my virtue, now it's my looks. Things are going from bad to worse.

ABBERLINE
You know that's not true.

MARY
That's nice of you to say, Fred.

Her eyes are twinkling at him.

ABBERLINE
I'd like to see you again, Mary - you know, just to sit down and have chat, maybe get a bite to eat.

She looks at him - serious.

MARY
Don't say it if you don't mean it, Fred.

ABBERLINE
I mean it.

MARY
It's been a while since a man just wanted *me* for my company. I'll make sure I'm in here this week between ten and eleven. Good night, Fred.

ABBERLINE
G'night, Mary.

Smiling, she turns and goes out the door. Abberline sits down in his chair. The grin vanishes from his face - he really likes her, he's lied to her and now she's going to get hurt. Things seemed a lot clearer a few hours ago.

WHITECHAPEL ROAD

It's a sparkling morning. A line of carriages are drawn up on the side of the road - poorly-dressed men and boys are washing them. Uniformed police move among the group, showing an artist's sketch of Polly. One of them talks to a washer-boy.

CONSTABLE
Have you seen blood in any of the carriages?

The boy shakes his head - no. The cop moves on. We rack focus - Mary Kelly, not paying any heed to the police, hurries along the crowded sidewalk. She hails a horse-drawn bus.

A LIGHT-FILLED CORRIDOR

Mary walks towards the front door of an apartment. She is about to knock when she realizes - the door is open. She pushes it and steps inside -

THE ARTIST'S STUDIO

It's the place where Mary sent the letter. There's no-one in the room -

MARY
Mr Sickert... Mr Sickert!

No answer. She crosses the room and opens one of several doors on the far side. She looks into a study. Everything is in its place but there's no Walter Sickert.

MARY
It's Mary Kelly! I've come to talk to you about the letter. I need the money -

A sound behind her. She spins - a man is at her shoulder! Dressed in a suit, he's come out of one of the other doors -

AGENT
I'm the property agent. Mr Sickert left for Venice this morning. Can I help you? —

MARY
Venice? How long for?

AGENT
It was all rather unexpected, but indefinitely, I believe.

The color drains from Mary's face - no Sickert, no money.

AGENT
Are you alright, madam?

MARY
Yes... yes, thank you.

As she turns and hurries out the room we hold on a newspaper lying on the desk. Across the top is the report of Polly's death.

A TRAIN LOCOMOTIVE

belches steam as it approaches Liverpool Street station. The tracks run right alongside the road. Galloping down it is a beautiful horse-drawn carriage - deep red lacquer and two liveried footmen perched on its running board. For a moment the train and the carriage keep perfect pace - like the era itself, the past and the future run together in tandem. Then the carriage swings aside and halts in front of the Bishopsgate Police Station.

INSIDE THE POLICE STATION

The Desk Sergeant escorts one of the footmen into Abberline's office.

AN ENVELOPE

is ripped open. Abberline reads a gilt-edged invitation.

ABBERLINE
Your company is requested... to view something of unique interest.

Down the bottom is a signature - Lady Jane D'Urbanville.

GAS LIGHTS

illuminate the front of a large building. By their light we see a sign : London Hospital. A string of coaches pull up in front. A group of people including Duchy and Willy spill out. Abberline offers Lady Jane his hand and helps her down -

ABBERLINE
Now are you going to tell us what we're doing?

LADY JANE
Then it wouldn't be a surprise, would it?

A MARBLE LOBBY

deep inside the hospital. A glittering crowd are milling about - distinguished doctors, socialites and patrons of the hospital. They are waiting for something to begin. Abberline and Lady Jane stand part way up a sweeping staircase, looking down -

LADY JANE
Do you recognize any of these people?

Abberline shakes his head - no. Lady Jane indicates a beautifully-dressed, dissolute man on the far side.

LADY JANE
That's Lord Norris. He killed a man in Italy over a gambling debt. Not that anyone cares much since he inherited his father's estate. He's richer than God.

ABBERLINE
Better dressed too, by the look of it.

An overweight man catches Lady Jane's eye. He raises a jeweled hand in silent greeting. Lady Jane smiles ever so sweetly but keeps her voice low -

LADY JANE
The fat pig is the Duke of Westminster. The woman next to him is supposedly his wife but there's not a boy in London who's safe in his company.

As Lady Jane continues her commentary, we push in on the crowd. A distinguished man turns away from his group. His glance falls on Abberline and Lady Jane. He watches them for a beat. It's Sir William Gull. Ding! A bell rings. Uniformed attendants open a pair of large doors. Everyone enters -

A SMALL LECTURE HALL

The rows of tiered seats are full - doctors and surgeons at the front, socialites and patrons at the rear. The lights dim - a man steps onto the stage.

DOCTOR TREVES
Distinguished colleagues, ladies and gentlemen - it is my honor tonight to present a unique medical phenomenon. Until last week, Mr John Merrick was an attraction at a traveling sideshow. Now he is being cared for at one of the world's leading hospitals. With your generosity, I am sure we will be able to continue to do so. Ladies and gentlemen - Mr John Merrick, previously known as The Elephant Man.

A half-naked man - his lower torso covered by a hospital gown - steps out of the shadows. His face is terribly deformed - a bulbous forehead, flaps of gray wrinkled skin and a thick stump of bone, like a tusk, protrudes from his upper jaw.

Several socialites, including Lady Jane, stifle a cry, others laugh. Abberline stares at them, taken aback they should gawk and laugh so freely at someone less fortunate. He looks at Lady Jane - she's all rapt attention, fascinated by Merrick. Then she turns and smiles brightly at Abberline -

LADY JANE
Aren't you glad we came?

She takes his arm and leans closer against him.

A WOOD-PANELED ROOM

Waiters are serving drinks at a reception following Dr Treves' lecture. Several aristocrats write out drafts on their banks, contributing to the Doctor's cause. Merrick, dressed in a suit now, talks to a group of prominent doctors. Lady Jane is at Abberline's side. She takes a drink from a waiter and looks around -

LADY JANE
Mr Merrick's a bigger draw than the Egyptian mummies.

She sees Gull and motions him over - Gull's ankle is bandaged, he walks with the help of a cane. He takes Lady Jane's hand and she kisses him on the cheek -

LADY JANE
What ever have you done to yourself?

GULL
It's nothing - just a sprain.

LADY JANE
Sir William Gull, allow me to introduce Mister Frederick Abberline. Perhaps you've read about Mr Abberline - he's investigating that murder in Whitechapel.

Gull looks anew at Abberline. The two men shake hands.

GULL
A grisly business, Inspector. The newspapers have a lot of theories - what about the police?

ABBERLINE
Information, Sir William, but nothing you could dignify with the term "theory". Not yet, anyway.

GULL
Yet? That indicates confidence, Inspector. I'm reassured already. How many murders have you investigated?

ABBERLINE
Thirty... maybe more.

GULL
And how many have you solved?

ABBERLINE
All of them.

GULL
Very impressive.

LADY JANE
Oh, yes, Sir William - Mr Abberline's quite outstanding. The Police Commissioner told me so himself.

This is news to Abberline. Sir William sees the flirtatious look she gives Abberline.

GULL
Well, it hardly seems likely then the murderer can long evade capture. Not unless he's extraordinarily clever, of course. Tell me, Inspector -

LADY JANE
If you will excuse me - I should have at least one word with the freak. I don't want it getting around I'm a complete coward.

The men bow as Lady Jane withdraws.

GULL
So tell me - confidentially - he's not just some slash and stab merchant is he, this Whitechapel killer?

ABBERLINE
Why do you say that?

GULL
The Coroner's report in The Times listed the woman's injuries. It didn't say explicitly, but it seems to me, professionally speaking, he disemboweled her.

ABBERLINE
Professionally speaking? Are you a doctor, Sir William?

GULL
Surgeon.

ABBERLINE
You're right - that's exactly what he did.

GULL
A lot of people wouldn't appreciate how difficult that is. It takes a substantial knowledge of anatomy - and in the dark, blood everywhere, his heart probably pounding - the closest thing I could equate it to is the work of one of those fine battlefield surgeons. Of course, for all we know that's how he sees himself - a man on a battlefield of his own.

ABBERLINE
A battlefield? I'm sorry - I don't follow.

GULL
The eternal struggle between good and evil, of course.
(he smiles)
Naturally, it's just speculation - who could really know what goes through the mind of such a man? I'm probably making a fool of myself. For all I know, right now the police are arresting a butcher.

ABBERLINE
Not at all. We're looking for a wealthy and intelligent man. He travels by carriage and that probably means an accomplice. He can afford grapes - they're out of season, Sir William, two shillings a pound down Spitalfields' market and that's a lot of money in anyone's language -

GULL
Grapes, Inspector? What have they got to do with it?

ABBERLINE
I found one in the woman's hand. I spent hours trying to fathom why she didn't cry out - surely somebody would have heard her. Then I realized - he fed her grapes. But first he brushed them with laudanum. She was drugged, that's why she didn't scream.

Gull stares at him, impressed -

GULL
Obviously your reputation is well deserved, Mr Abberline.

Before Abberline can even shrug it off, Lady Jane returns, flushed with her boldness at speaking with Merrick.

LADY JANE
You must forgive me, gentlemen. I know I have a weakness for handsome men but whoever gave Mr Merrick his stage name insulted the elephant. –

She laughs, looking up at Abberline, holding him with her eyes. Gull turns to the Inspector and puts out his hand -

GULL
A fascinating conversation, Inspector. I hope we can continue it some time. If I can be of any help, any help at all, please don't hesitate to call.

Abberline offers Lady Jane his arm - they head towards the doors. Gull doesn't take his eyes off of Abberline.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

It's a beautiful evening - the lights of the city reflected in the river, Tower Bridge breathtaking in the moonlight. Abberline and Lady Jane have left the hospital reception. They walk along the gas-lit path that follows the embankment, expensive homes lining the street. Lady Jane's carriage follows at a discrete distance.

LADY JANE
Sir William has a reputation for being arrogant. I've never heard him offer help to anyone. That's quite a coup - he's so well connected, too.

ABBERLINE
Is that why you invited me - to make connections, m'lady?

LADY JANE
You're so very formal - all this "m'lady" business. It's quaint but it's not really necessary, you know.

ABBERLINE
Why - what should I call you? Jane?

LADY JANE
Well, if you're going to kiss a woman goodnight, that's more appropriate, don't you think?

She turns and gives him her most dazzling smile. Instead of taking her in his arms, Abberline's face grows serious.

ABBERLINE
What of the future, Jane? I mean - who was your father, the fourteenth Earl of Leicester? Your family have been aristocrats since Magna Carta.

LADY JANE
My family *wrote* the Magna Carta.

She smiles, but she's only half joking.

ABBERLINE
You can hardly say we share a common background, can you?

LADY JANE
No, but you come from a good family - your father's a doctor. Anyway, background can be lost in achievement. You're going to the top, I don't have any doubt.

ABBERLINE
(quietly)
I always intended to, and if I'm lucky I'll make it to Commissioner one day. The top copper, Jane - but a copper all the same.

She moves closer to him. Unthinkingly, she straightens his tie -

LADY JANE
Don't be so modest. With the right connections, an outstanding career as a police officer can open a host of doors. Politics...business...diplomacy. Can you imagine - Ambassador in Rome?

She indicates the mansions all around them. Through several windows we see elegant, jeweled people at dinner parties -

LADY JANE
Once you make it to this part of the world, Fred - people look after their own. Everything's possible.
(she looks up at him)
Everything.

Abberline hesitates. Again he looks at the beautiful houses - it's so far from where he began, farther than anyone realizes. He feels light-headed - the beautiful night, her perfume, the bright shining prizes almost within his grasp. She leans towards him. He takes her in his arms and kisses her.

A SALVATION ARMY HALL

Bare boards and rows of trestle tables. It's a soup kitchen - a line of ragged people snake past cauldrons of food. But right now everything is frozen - one of the Salvation Army captains is leading everyone in grace.

CAPTAIN
"... for thine is the kingdom, the power
and the glory. Forever and ever. Amen."

The room erupts in a clatter of plates and a rising tide of voices. Mary sits with Dark Annie, Liz and Kate, a bowl of soup and a Bible in front of each of them.

DARK ANNIE
Jesus, Mary! I know it's not your fault
this bloke's gone away, but we've got
to get money from somewhere.
What are we going to do?

MARY
I say we go and see 'em - all of us.

DARK ANNIE
Who?!

MARY
The Old Nichol Street blokes.

The other women look at her, incredulous -

KATE
Don't be stupid!

MARY
We give 'em what money we can, like
a gesture of good faith. We tell 'em
we need more time to get on our feet.

LONG LIZ
On our backs, you mean.

The others smile but there's no joy in it - they're far too worried. Mary looks at them for their response.

DARK ANNIE
(softly)
It's an idea, Mary, and maybe it'd work. But I can't to go - not after last time. I'm not proud, I'll say it - I'm scared.

Mary nods - she understands. She looks at Kate.

KATE
I'm only working another few days. John Kelly's asked me to go hop-picking with him in Kent. The money's not much but it's a damn sight safer. No, Mary.

It's up to Long Liz. By nature she is a nervous sort of woman -

LONG LIZ
I'd go if the others were... but you don't know these men. Just the two of us - it's asking for trouble.

Her voice trails away. Silence. Dark Annie, Kate and Liz look down at their food, sort of ashamed. We push in on Mary's face. There's a determination to it -

A DARK AND EMPTY STREET

Mary - alone - walks through the shadows. She turns a corner - in the glow of a street lamp we see a sign on a wall: Old Nichol Street. Mary stops in front of a building and steps into -

THE BRICKLAYER'S ARMS

It's a quiet pub. People turn and look. Mary makes her way up to the bar. She speaks so close to the ear of the bartender we can't catch what she says. The bartender indicates a table in the corner -

McQueen is holding court. Several young women, obviously prostitutes, sit with Geordie and the Old Nichol Street boys. Mary approaches them - she's frightened but she's damned if she's going to show it. McQueen turns and looks at her.

MARY
A couple of you blokes know a friend of mine - Annie Chapman. Dark Annie.

THE BACK OF THE PUB

is a pig-sty: piles of trash, empty beer barrels, a tiny out-house for the women. Mary hands McQueen and Geordie a bag of coins.

MARY
There's eighteen shillings - that's from the four of us. It would have been more, but a chap that's going to help us had to go away.

McQueen and Geordie look at each other - they're surprised about the money but they don't let Mary know it.

McQUEEN
Yeah, well - when's he expected back, this chap of yours?

MARY
A week, maybe. We need time to give you the rest, that's why I'm here.

McQUEEN
A week you say? At least you made an effort. All right, then.

Mary turns, about to go, but she can't contain herself. She turns back.

MARY
Why did you do that to Polly? If you'd have just shown her the knife it would have scared her half to death.

McQUEEN
Polly?

MARY
Yes, Polly. And next time you want to send us a message just come to Miller's Rents.

McQUEEN
We didn't kill Polly Nichols.

MARY
Oh, save that for the coppers!

McQueen's hand flashes out and grabs Mary by the neck. He pulls her close -

McQUEEN
Listen - we got a business here. Sometimes we have to encourage the punters, like with Annie. But kill Polly Nichols - why the fuck would we bring that shit down on Whitechapel?

Mary looks into his eyes and knows it's the truth. She trembles, shaken by it -

McQUEEN
What's wrong with you?

MARY
I thought we could deal with you, Mr McQueen. But me and the other women have to work those streets. Now somebody's killed one of us. I'm scared - that's what's wrong with me.

McQUEEN
I never thought I'd see the day when a woman would *miss* dealing with Tom McQueen. God, what's the fucking world coming to?!

He pushes Mary aside. He and Geordie head back into the pub.

A SPRIG OF GRAPES

lies on the ground in a narrow passage-way just off Dorset Street. From ahead, we hear voices - Dark Annie has found herself a customer. She leads Gull towards a dark and deserted yard at the back of a row of tenements.

DARK ANNIE
(laughing, sort of high)
Look at me staggerin' will you? You'd think I was drunk.

GULL
We can stop here if you want.

DARK ANNIE
No, I'm just tired or something. Everything seems like it's floating. It feels nice.

GULL
Excellent, Annie - that's excellent.

They keep walking, entering -

THE YARD

Dark Annie props herself against a tall fence. Gull puts down the leather briefcase. Annie turns to face him. She touches his face -

DARK ANNIE
You're a handsome man.
(she laughs)
I just wish your nose'd stay still, that's all.

GULL
Are you ready, Annie?

DARK ANNIE
Gettin' all bothered are you?
(she grabs his crotch)
Gawd - it's hard enough, isn't it?

He strikes her hand away. Gull's mask of civility drops - he grabs her by the shoulder and spins her around. But Annie, drugged and disoriented, laughs-

DARK ANNIE
Ooh - want it doggie-style, do you?

Gull slips his fingers around her throat. He starts to tighten them - she gasps and tries to tear free but the drug seems to have sapped her strength. In the first murder, Gull was nervous but now he starts to find pleasure in his work. He strangles her with one hand while the other goes to her bodice. He rips open the buttons, exposing her breasts. His hand slides towards them. Annie fights for air - her eyes bulge. Gull smiles.

THE YARD NEXT DOOR

A man comes out the back of the adjoining tenement. This is Albert Cadosch, a carpenter, heading out early for work. He unzips his fly, and starts to pee. He sees nothing - but from next door, he hears a cry.

DARK ANNIE (O.S.)
No...

Cadosch listens - a couple of whimpering sounds - then he decides what it is.

CADOSCH
Fuckin' whores! Why don't you do your business somewhere else.

He turns and walks back inside.

THE YARD

Annie fights for her life. Her fingers tear at Gull's expert stranglehold but she's growing weaker by the moment. Her eyes roll back in her head and her body shakes as she goes through the death rattle. Gull lets her crumple to the ground. He turns, opens the briefcase and selects a long pointed knife -

GULL
Now I'll give you some artistry, Mr Abberline.

INSIDE THE MORGUE

It's 4.30 am, still dark outside. Abberline watches as Doctor Lewellyn pulls back the sheet from a body, revealing the face. Abberline turns to the Sergeant -

ABBERLINE
It's Polly Nichols' friend, isn't it?

SERGEANT
Yeah. Annie Chapman's her name.

ABBERLINE
What about the injuries - similar?

DOCTOR LEWELLYN
Worse. He laid open the abdomen, severed the intestines and put them over her shoulder. The uterus, the womb and its attachments were removed, including -

ABBERLINE
All right, George.

He turns away. He rubs his eyes - he's weary, drained.

ABBERLINE
Jesus. Where do you even start with a man like this?

He looks at them. Silence. Nobody can answer.

OUTSIDE THE MORGUE

reporters and sightseers all over the place - Whitechapel's rumor mill has been spreading the news for the last hour. The reporters surge forward as Abberline comes out the front doors. They yell questions but Abberline, grim-faced, shoulders his way through. An ugly murmur rises up from the crowd - women shout abuse at Abberline. They want the police to do something - two murders in a couple of days! Abberline stares at them - he knows they're frightened but still he's shocked. He gets into a waiting cab. The driver cracks his whip. The horses push through...

INSIDE THE RINGERS

Mary Kelly has been crying. It's about 9am - there's only a few hard-core drinkers in the pub. She sits alone, pale and frightened. Walter Ringer puts a glass in front of her and fills it with gin. He puts out his hand for payment -

MARY
I'm skint, Mr Ringer. Can you put it on the slate?

He goes to take the drink away - then he looks at her face.

RINGER
Just this once, 'cos of Dark Annie, that's all. You pay me tomorrow, you hear?

She nods her head. Unseen by Mary, Abberline comes through the front door and looks around. He sees Mary in the corner and makes his way towards her. Mary picks up the glass but her hand's trembling. Before she can get it to her mouth, liquor splashes onto the table.

MARY
(to herself)
Damn - get a grip!

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
I knew a man with a problem like that.

Mary turns. She tries to smile - she really is pleased to see him. He pulls up a chair.

ABBERLINE
He drank himself into an early grave, but you know what he used to do?

She shakes her head - no. Abberline leans close and drapes his handkerchief around the back of her neck. One end he puts in her left hand, the other he wraps around the glass of liquor. He clamps her right hand around it -

ABBERLINE
Now pull down your left hand.

The handkerchief around her neck acts like a pulley. The farther she pulls down with her left hand, the higher her right hand and the glass rise up. It gets it to her mouth without spilling a drop. Despite her troubles, she can't help smiling.

ABBERLINE
See, works like a charm. Of course, the man I learned it from was an alcoholic - that's why he couldn't hold a glass. What about you?

MARY
You heard about Annie Chapman?

Abberline nods. Mary starts to say something but she can't - tears fill her eyes.

ABBERLINE
There's a writer called Oscar Wilde - he's got a play on now. One of the characters says "to lose one parent may be a misfortune; to lose both looks like carelessness". You could say the same about friends. What's going on, Mary?

She looks at him, not sure how far she can trust him. Their eyes meet - Abberline's don't waver. She's tempted to unburden herself but then she thinks better of it -

MARY
Nothing. Working girls stick together. They have to - we're sort of outcasts, aren't we? I guess a lot of girls knew both of 'em.

ABBERLINE
It seems strange... there must be more to it than that. Listen - I want to help you, Mary. Just give me a chance.

MARY
There's nothing more to it, Fred. It's nice of you to offer, but anyway - what could you do?

He reaches into his coat and gives her three one pound notes.

ABBERLINE
I want you to get a proper room and stay off the streets. That's a start.

She stares at him for a moment, unbelieving -

MARY
I can't take this, Fred.

ABBERLINE
'Course you can. Now go on.

MARY
But... why are you doing this?

ABBERLINE
I told you I could help, didn't I?

Mary looks at him. The money could be a life-saver - literally. She puts her arms around his neck and kisses him. Men turn and look. Abberline gently disentangles her arms. She takes hold of his hand -

MARY
I didn't always do this work, Fred. Ever since I was thirteen I've had real jobs. For five years I was a lace-maker - but then that went bad and what can you do? Virtue's easy on a full stomach. It's different when you're starving.

ABBERLINE
Yeah, but weren't there other jobs?

MARY
Not in my line - machines are doing it all, and it's hard - you grow up in Ireland, most of the kids barely get an education. I tried everything - I sold flowers down at St James then I worked as an artist's model. Last year I was living in a lovely place in Cleveland Street. Sort of like home help.

ABBERLINE
What happened?

MARY
(evasive)
Oh, there was trouble... a lot of trouble, Fred. Nothing to do with me but it all came to an end - I was out on the street.

Abberline notes the evasion. Mary is looking down at the money, thinking of the possibilities. She can't help but be excited -

MARY
There's a woman I know, a good Irish Catholic - she runs a boarding house in Dwyer Street. It's clean and there's two meals a day. It'd be just like Cleveland Street. Only better.
(pauses)
I've never asked you - but are you married, Fred?

He just looks at her. A beat.

ABBERLINE
No... no, I'm not married.

MARY
You could come 'round... you know, stay the night... only if you want, but it's not like I'm saving myself, is it? I'd like it, Fred. I really would...

Abberline looks around, not sure what to say. He smiles at her -

ABBERLINE
Maybe... let's see, shall we?

MARY
(laughing)
You're right - I'm always rushing things.
But just say you will, Fred.

ABBERLINE
There's nothing you want to tell me
about Polly and Annie, is there? You're
being honest with me, aren't you?

MARY
Sure I am.

She smiles at him. He smiles back. But he doesn't believe her. He looks at the clock.

ABBERLINE
Gawd - time I was going.

He gets up. Mary leans forward and kisses his cheek -

MARY
You're a good man, Fred. You really
are.

He squeezes her hand, turns and leaves.

CLEVELAND STREET

is a pleasant road - a couple of grand old houses, apartments, a good number of shops. It is busy - Saturday morning, a clear and crisp autumn day. Abberline is going door to door. He comes out of a small cobbler's store and enters a -

GROCER'S SHOP

Abberline is talking to the owner. He lays out a copy of one of the tabloids and points at a photograph taken at Polly's burial. It shows the women near the grave -

ABBERLINE
Her name's Mary Kelly - do you
recognize her?

GROCER
She lived down the road with a lass
called Annie Crook. She had a baby -
Annie did - a lovely little girl as I recall.

ABBERLINE
You know the house?

GROCER
A basement flat - but it won't do you no good. The police come for Annie - at least most of us think they were police. They were in plain-clothes but who else would have blocked off the whole road?

ABBERLINE
They blocked off the road to arrest one woman?

GROCER
That's right.

ABBERLINE
Have you got a minute, Mr Baxter? I want you to tell me everything you remember.

Mr Baxter nods. He goes and closes the front door of the shop.

DWYER STREET

It's just after lunch, the same day. Mrs Finnane's boarding house has a sign hanging out the front:

Rooms To Let
Gentlewomen Only

INSIDE ONE OF THE ROOMS

Mary, looking more rested and happier than she has for days, is washing her underwear in a small bowl. A knock on the door. She turns, instantly alert, scared -

MARY
Who is it?

ABBERLINE (O.S.)
Fred... Fred Abberline.

Mary's face lights up - he's come to see her! She flies into action - grabbing underwear off a drying line, trying to tidy up, looking in a mirror, cursing her hair and make-up. She calls out, excited -

MARY
Give me a minute. You should have warned me. This place is a mess...

IN THE CORRIDOR

Abberline waits in front of the door. It swings open - revealing Mary, her hair fixed, lipstick on. One look at Abberline's stony face and she knows something is wrong -

MARY
What is it?

ABBERLINE
Why didn't you tell me about Cleveland Street?

MARY
What..?

THE BEDROOM

Abberline enters and closes the door behind him.

ABBERLINE
Who were they - the men that came and took Annie Crook and her baby? Why did they do that, Mary?

MARY
What were you doing in Cleveland Street? What gives you the right to go digging in people's lives?!

ABBERLINE
I've got every right. I'm not a saddlemaker, Mary. I'm a copper.

Mary stares at him. Whatever dreams she had are turning to ashes -

MARY
A copper? It was just lies... all that stuff about wanting to see me... you let me make a fool of myself! All you wanted was information... God, I tell you, I've been used by men but never like this -

ABBERLINE
Listen, Mary -

MARY
You listen! You may not think much of women like me, but remember what I told you - "don't say it if you don't mean it". What gives you the right to lie and cheat with other people's emotions? And the three quid, I suppose that was some sort of reward, was it? What a pity you didn't mention what it was for!

She pulls out a banknote and throws it at him. Abberline tries to catch hold of her but she wrenches free.

MARY
I'm so stupid! I should've listened to my head, not my heart. It was your hands, Fred -
(she stops, corrects herself)
I'm sorry, I mean... what is it - Sergeant?

ABBERLINE
Inspector.

MARY
Oh, Inspector - I guess I should be flattered. I looked at your hands and I swear to God, it crossed my mind - those aren't a saddlemaker's hands. But I put it aside... you know why? Because I wanted to believe... I wanted to believe so much. For some people that's the only thing they've got. That's what you've taken from me - not money, not my body, but the last thing I had. Arrest me or get out, Inspector.

She indicates the door but he stands his ground.

ABBERLINE
I didn't have to tell you, Mary. I could have kept playing you along. But I chose not to. Why do you think I did that?

MARY
You tell me - you're the detective.

ABBERLINE
Because I care about you. *That's* why I gave you the three quid - to keep you safe. How could I tell you who I was - I knew you wouldn't talk to the police. I never meant to hurt you, Mary.

MARY
Pretty words, Fred - but that's all they are. I don't believe anything you say. You're pulling yourself if you think I could trust you. Now go, will you?!

She's close to tears. She turns away from him.

ABBERLINE
Like it or not, you're going to have to talk to me. I'm a copper. I want to know who the toff was that came to visit. An aristocrat, people say.

MARY
I don't know who he was.

ABBERLINE
Bullshit! A year or more he came, and you don't know his name!

MARY
He didn't use his real name! Albert Victor he called himself. There - are you satisfied?! Just go, will you!

ABBERLINE
And Annie Crook - what happened to her? Where's she?

MARY
(soft)
I don't know where Annie is.

ABBERLINE
Oh, come on...!

She turns and looks at him - her face is crumpling with tears -

MARY
I don't know! I searched for her. I even went to the police. Bloody liars! They said they hadn't even arrested her. She might as well have vanished! Is that enough? Go on - go!

He looks at her face - she's crying, anguished. At least about Annie, she's telling the truth. Abberline turns and goes towards the door. Just inside, he puts some money on a table - several pounds.

MARY
What's that for?

ABBERLINE
Like I said - I want to keep you safe.

He's out the door and gone before she can protest.

NIGHT IS FALLING

Lanterns illuminate a group of government buildings. In a courtyard is a sign:

Scotland Yard

Uniformed police, finished work for the day, spill out the front doors. Going against the tide is Abberline. He disappears inside.

A STACK OF OLD FILES

are dumped onto a wooden counter. An ancient man in uniform, he must be 80 if he's a day, wipes away the dust. He is the keeper of the records - all around him are shelves piled with police files. He pushes the stack across to Abberline -

OLD MAN
You can look for yourself. That's the file on every case investigated in that area for the last five years. I'm tellin' you, though - there's nothing about 24 Cleveland Street.

ABBERLINE
What about the girl - Annie Crook?

OLD MAN
We've got a system of cross-referencing. There's nothing on her either.

ABBERLINE
Say she'd died, would her file have been put somewhere else?

OLD MAN
No. If you're born in these files, you die in these files. She's no deader than you or I -
(he laughs)
Well, no deader than you, anyway. But like I say Inspector, you're welcome to look for yourself.

Abberline shakes his head - no. He starts to leave. Then he remembers something. He turns back -

ABBERLINE
One of the residents said he heard the name of a copper. He doesn't know his rank or anything but he said he thought he was a senior man. Mr Kidney they called him.

A shadow passes across the old man's face -

OLD MAN
There's only one bloke I know of that name, not that you'll find him listed anywhere. Superintendent Ben Kidney. He works for the Special Branch.

ABBERLINE
(taken aback)
Jesus. Is that why there'd be no file?

OLD MAN
Oh, there'd be a file alright, but they keep all that stuff to 'emselves. You won't find out nought from them. Dirty bastards, if you ask me.

ABBERLINE
Yeah, that's their reputation all right.

More worried than ever, he turns and goes.

SIR CHARLES WARREN

stands in the corner of his beautiful, wood-paneled office. It's a cozy place on this cold night - a fire in the hearth, gas lights on the walls. Sir Charles pours Scotch from a crystal decanter and carries two glasses to a pair of arm-chairs. Abberline sits in one of them -

SIR CHARLES
No, I'm not going to authorize it - mainly because I can't. The Special Branch report directly to the Home Secretary.

ABBERLINE
But you know the Prime Minister, Sir Charles. He could direct the Home Secretary -

SIR CHARLES
For one file?

ABBERLINE
For a *murder* investigation.

SIR CHARLES
(smiling)
That's just a guess, Fred - a wild one I might say. I don't believe this event has anything to do with the Whitechapel murders.
(he leans forward)
You know the Special Branch - God knows what they were doing in Cleveland Street, but I'm not going to let you or the Department get swept into something we don't understand.

ABBERLINE
We are already, Sir Charles.

SIR CHARLES
Dammit, Fred! You know what I mean. This is a murder investigation - a difficult one, I grant you - but you're an outstanding officer. I suggest we drop this line of inquiry and pursue something more substantial.

ABBERLINE
If I'm a good officer, it's because my intuition -

SIR CHARLES
I said no, Fred.

Again the two men look at one another. Sir Charles rolls the scotch around in his glass. He softens -

SIR CHARLES
You said yourself he was an aristocrat. He used an alias for a reason, don't you think? I wouldn't mind if this was going to serve some useful purpose, but it's not going to help either of us, is it? You understand what I'm saying?

Abberline understands alright.

ABBERLINE
Yes... yes, I suppose I do, Sir Charles.

SIR CHARLES
Excellent. To our health, then.
(he raises his glass)
Cheers.

THE STEEPLE OF CHRISTCHURCH

rises up into the night. On either side of the road prostitutes walk their beat. Mary stands under a street lamp, waiting for business. Abberline comes towards her. Despite the anger she feels towards him, she doesn't want him to see her like this. She turns away, but too late - he's seen her.

ABBERLINE
I went to the boarding house. A bloke there said you looked like you were dressed for work.

MARY
A woman's got to earn a living.

ABBERLINE
What about the money I gave you?

MARY
I've still got it. I'm trying to earn as much as I can - I'm going back to Ireland. And don't think of giving me any more, Inspector. I'd rather earn — it this way than take it from you.

ABBERLINE
I wasn't thinking of it. I'm here because I want to know something. What were you mixed up in, Mary?

MARY
I wasn't mixed up in anything.

She starts to turn away but he reaches out, grabs her shoulder and spins her back.

ABBERLINE
Listen to me! That wasn't the police down in Cleveland Street - that was the Special Branch. Do you know who they are? They were set up to deal with your countrymen, Mary. Their brief is to catch the Irish bombers. They don't exactly respect the law - they don't have to. They report directly to the Government. These are hard men, Mary. Killers. What the fuck were they doing in Cleveland Street?

Mary's frightened by the thing about the Special Branch but she's not going to show it -

MARY
You already know - they came for Annie.

ABBERLINE
Why? What else?!

MARY
Maybe it was Albert Victor. How would I know - I was just the help!

ABBERLINE
You were her friend - what did she tell you?

MARY
I don't know anything about the Special Branch. I'm just trying to earn a living. Now leave me alone!

She pulls her arm free of his grip, turns and walks away. Abberline watches her head down Dorset Street. He sets off himself - then stops and looks back. Mary has been stopped by a man - she's smiling at him, tucking the hair back from her beautiful eyes. Abberline can't help it - he's angry and jealous. He turns and keeps walking, not wanting to see how the man's proposition is resolved.

A SQUAT STONE BUILDING

The ground rumbles with a fast approaching roar. It's night - through a tall iron railing a train flashes by. Abberline crosses a courtyard and enters the heavily barred front door of the building. These are the offices of the Special Branch.

INSIDE THE BUILDING

A police constable sits behind a security grill. Abberline stands on the other side. He opens his wallet and shows a gold crest - the badge of his rank.

ABBERLINE
(mumbling)
Inspector Adderly, here to see Mister Kidney.

The constable barely looks at the name (Adderly and Abberline are close anyway) - he recognizes the crest as genuine. He indicates a clock on the wall -

CONSTABLE
It's dinner time. Superintendent Kidney's not back yet, sir.

ABBERLINE
(smiling)
And the bastard said he had a big job on - a big job with a knife and fork obviously. He said to wait in his office.

The constable smiles back and opens the grill.

CONSTABLE
You know the way, sir?

ABBERLINE
Third floor, isn't it?

CONSTABLE
Second.

Abberline makes a show of remembering and heads towards the stairs.

THE COURTYARD

Three men head towards the stone building. Ben Kidney, the senior man, is in his 40's. Dressed in a fine gabardine coat, there's an air of sophistication to him. But it's his eyes that give him away - they are hard and cruel. With him are Tom Press, in his 20's, and a brutal-looking man called Garret Brack - also members of the Special Branch. The light from a candle flickers in a third-floor window.

TOM
Somebody's working late...

Kidney follows the direction of his gaze.

KIDNEY
Whoever it is, I'm gonna take their balls off. How many times have I told 'em - you can't use an open light in the file room? One day they'll burn the whole shitbox down.

IN THE FILE ROOM

Abberline is working fast, searching through the racks of files that line the walls. Screech! Abberline jumps - then he realizes it's the whistle of a train on the tracks right next to the building. The smoke from its engine, visible through two long windows at the back of the room, throws strange shadows across the walls.

THE FRONT DESK

The constable unlocks the security grill, admitting Kidney and the two other men.

CONSTABLE
Inspector Adderly's here, sir. I sent him up to your room.

KIDNEY
Who? I'm not expecting anyone.

The constable stares at Kidney, confused. A beat.

KIDNEY
Jesus Christ - the file room!

The three of them race for the stairs.

THE FILE ROOM

Abberline's got a cabinet open at the letter "c", tearing through the files, searching for "Cleveland Street". Nothing. He keeps looking. From outside the room - Bam!

KIDNEY (O.S.)
Shit!

Abberline reacts - his early warning system has been triggered.

THE CORRIDOR

Kidney is in a heap on the floor, tripped by a thin wire stretched across the darkened corridor. He scrambles up, mouth twisted in anger.

THE FILE ROOM

Abberline searches furiously. He stops at a file. On the top - "Crook, Annie Mary". He rips the file out of the cabinet. It contains a single sheet of paper - an official document, like an admission form. Printed across the top are the words:

Marylebone Workhouse

THE CORRIDOR

There are two doors into the file room. Kidney motions to Press and Brack - they approach one door, Kidney takes the other. Simultaneously, they burst in -

THE FILE ROOM

is empty. The lantern flickers on a table. Drawers are open, the room in disarray. Kidney's eyes search the shadows - the intruder could be anywhere. He draws a gun. Slowly he moves forward - screech! Kidney jumps - then realizes, it's just the train whistle.

He looks at one of the tall windows - smoke from the train's locomotive spills through a tiny crack at the top. Someone hasn't closed it properly! Kidney motions to Press and Brack. They close in on one window, Kidney on the other.

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING

Abberline dangles between the two windows, his hands gripping the iron gutter, nothing supporting his feet. The railway tracks are fifty feet below. He watches the shadows inside the room. They move closer - smash! Fists come through the glass on either side of him. He only has a second to think - Kidney's head is out the window, the gun rising, his finger on the trigger. Abberline looks down - train carriages hurtle along the tracks. Kidney's finger tightens. Abberline drops! Kidney fires - misses. Abberline plunges down -

THE ROOF OF THE TRAIN

He hits the roof of the carriage and tumbles - towards the edge. His hand grabs an iron conduit on the roof. He lies there, spread-eagled on top of the speeding train.

IN THE FILE ROOM

Kidney leans out the window, watching the figure of the man grow smaller.

KIDNEY
Who the fuck was that?

The train disappears into a tunnel.

A HUGE ARCHED ROOM

The ceiling is supported by three massive beams. A slogan is painted on each of them: God Is Good; God Is Holy; God Is Just. We tilt down to several hundred women - some infirm, some retarded, all dressed in gray smocks. They sit at work benches doing simple sewing - sheets, pillow cases, sacks. This is Marylebone Work House - a pauper's prison. A female Governor steps onto an observation platform. Abberline stands behind her.

GOVERNOR
(calling out)
Annie Crook... Annie Mary Crook!

A woman stumbles to her feet. She's in her late 20's and must have been quite beautiful once. Now her hair is lank, shoulders stooped, her eyes dull and vacant.

INSIDE AN OFFICE

Annie sits on a chair, twisting the sleeve of her smock. The Governor and a resident doctor watch as Abberline pulls up a chair and sits in front of her -

ABBERLINE
Annie, I want to ask you some questions -

Annie doesn't look at him. She keeps staring straight ahead. Her voice is dull, flat -

ANNIE
I want my Alice. I climbed out but she didn't.

ABBERLINE
Who's Alice - is that your baby?

ANNIE
We called her Alice 'cos of that book Albert read me... all about a little girl that went down the rabbit hole.

ABBERLINE
Annie, listen -

ANNIE
And there was a Queen, a wicked old Queen and the Queen said "Off... off with her... off with her head!"

She looks up at Abberline - there are tears in her eyes. Abberline speaks gently -

ABBERLINE
It's just a story, Annie.

ANNIE
No! I want my Alice. I climbed out...

Abberline looks to the Governor for help. She shakes her head -

GOVERNOR
I don't waste time with books, but I'm told it's from "Alice in Wonderland". That's all she talks about - "Annie in Wonderland" - that's what they should have called it. Ha! Ha!

Abberline looks at the doctor -

DOCTOR
I'm afraid the Governor's right - you'll get no sense from Annie.

Annie is still rambling on about the children's story. Abberline shakes his head - what can you do? The Governor takes Annie by the arm and leads her out.

ABBERLINE
What was the cause of it?

DOCTOR
There's a number of serious medical conditions for which it is necessary to remove the thyroid gland. This was before she came here, of course. Unfortunately one of the side effects is almost a total loss of memory.

ABBERLINE
Do you know anything about her? Is there a case file or anything like that?

DOCTOR
Not that I know of, Inspector, but she came from Guy's Hospital. They'd saved her life or something. I remember because they told me the name of the surgeon involved - he's one of the finest in the land. Sir William Gull.

Abberline just looks at him. A beat..

DOCTOR
Are you alright, Inspector?

ABBERLINE
Yes... yes, I'm fine, thank you.

A STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

stands at the entrance to Guy's Hospital. It's dusk, the sun starting to set. We crane up from the Queen's face to a window high above. Through the glass -

A LARGE WOOD-PANELED OFFICE

Sir William Gull sits behind his desk, his injured ankle propped up on a stool. He watches Abberline open his briefcase and take out a file.

ABBERLINE
These are the Coroners' reports on the two murders. I was hoping you might be able to help in regard to the weapon.

GULL
The weapon, Inspector?

ABBERLINE
Yes. If you look at the report on the first murder, it says the wounds were so deep, they were probably done with an ax. I don't think that's possible - there's not enough room to wield an ax in a carriage.

GULL
Of course not. The Coroner's reports - fascinating...

He picks up the file and starts to read. Abberline studies the man - the arrogant face, the soft flesh, the expensive clothes. He glances at Gull's doe-skin boot resting on the stool. It's obviously hand-made - pressed into the heel is the bootmaker's personal mark, a three-turreted castle. Gull lays the file down -

GULL
It certainly wasn't an ax. It seems from the wounds it was a long double edged blade. One has to wonder how these Coroners get the job.

ABBERLINE
I often think that myself. So, in a confined space without much force behind it, the weapon would have to be incredibly sharp, wouldn't it? You were saying before, this is probably a man with a substantial knowledge of anatomy - I think you mentioned a battlefield surgeon. What sort of weapon do you think a man like that would use, Sir William?

GULL
Well, there's a number of possibilities... of course, being double edged narrows it down. The word "battlefield" brings at least one instrument to mind.

He smiles as he reaches into his drawer and pulls out the long double-bladed knife he used to kill Polly. He hands it to Abberline -

GULL
It's called a Liston knife, named after a brilliant surgeon in the Crimean War. Because there was no anesthetic he had to carry out amputations as quickly as possible. He designed the knife so that he could have a leg "on the sawdust" in under a minute. Naturally I can't say it's the weapon, but it does fit our criteria - about ten inches long, double-edged, serrated, two narrow ridges to fold back the flesh and drain away the blood. It's a beautiful instrument, surgically speaking, of course.

Abberline turns the instrument over in his hands -

ABBERLINE
Every surgeon would have one?

GULL
Yes. They're standard issue in a portable amputation kit. But even if I'm right, I'm afraid it doesn't do us much good, Inspector - you can get them at any medical supply shop. Apart from that, the army must have thousands of them.

Gull takes the knife back and returns it to the drawer.

ABBERLINE
But it's a start - a Liston knife. Thank you, Sir William, as always you've been a great help.

Abberline gets up, shakes Gull's hand - then stops. He makes out he has just remembered -

ABBERLINE
Oh, there was one other thing. Stupid of me, I almost forgot - do you remember a woman by the name of Annie Crook?

He looks straight at Gull, watching for his reaction. Gull's eyes flicker for a moment, his hand goes to straighten his tie, then he changes his mind. A beat.

GULL
Annie Crook...-such a common name. No... I can't say I do. Why?

ABBERLINE
It's nothing really... she seems to have some small connection to one of the women involved. It turned out she was a patient of yours. I was wondering if you knew anything about her.

GULL
A patient of mine - where?

ABBERLINE
Here at Guy's.

GULL
A lower class woman, was she?

ABBERLINE
Yes, I suppose she was.

Gull smiles, acting as if the mystery is solved -

GULL
Like most surgeons, I do a substantial amount of pro-bono work. I perform mine at Guy's. You could hardly call such people patients - I just do the surgery on the list. Naturally, I don't know anything about these people.

ABBERLINE
Naturally. Still, I hope you don't mind me asking. Goodnight, Sir William.

GULL
Goodnight, Inspector.

He watches Abberline go. For the first time, despite his arrogance, he feels uneasy.

THE MUSIC ROOM

of Lady Jane's mansion - guests in formal wear listen to a dinner recital. Abberline has come straight from his meeting with Gull. He hurries along a terrace, hoping to slip in unobserved. Lady Jane sees him. She goes onto the terrace -

LADY JANE
I held dinner as long as I could, but I had no idea -

She looks at his face - he's agitated, worried.

LADY JANE
What's wrong?

ABBERLINE
I went to see Sir William Gull.

She waits for him to go on. He doesn't - he's thinking about something.

LADY JANE
You went to see Sir William - and?

ABBERLINE
He lied to me.

LADY JANE
Sir William? For heaven's sake - you must be mistaken.

ABBERLINE
I saw it, Jane - the flicker in his eye, the nervous hand that went to straighten his tie... he was lying.

LADY JANE
He's one of the most highly respected men in London.

ABBERLINE
I know his reputation.

LADY JANE
I don't think you do. He's Physician in Ordinary to her Majesty the Queen. I Didn't I tell you he was very well connected?

Abberline's shocked - physician to the Queen? Where does all this end?

LADY JANE
What do you say he... "lied"... about?

ABBERLINE
There was a young woman.... a working class girl he operated on. He said he didn't recall her.

LADY JANE
Why would he? He must have had thousands of patients. I can hear it in your voice - you're not even sure yourself, are you?

ABBERLINE
Of course you doubt... there are always doubts. But I've been in the force fifteen years. I know what I saw.

LADY JANE
And why would he lie about it?

ABBERLINE
I don't know. There's someone else involved - an aristocrat. He calls himself Albert Victor - but that sounds like two first names.

He looks at Lady Jane to see if the name means anything to her -

LADY JANE
Don't look at me - I'm sure I don't know.

ABBERLINE
There's a book, isn't there - it lists knights and lords?

LADY JANE
Earls, viscounts, marquis and dukes. It's called Burke's Peerage.

THE PAGES OF A BOOK

being turned. Abberline sits alone in Lady Jane's library, working by candlelight.

He is searching the pages of a huge book. The door opens -

LADY JANE
Fred - it's almost 3am.

ABBERLINE
I know...

He leans back in the chair and rubs his eyes. He's so tired he can barely see.

LADY JANE
Have you thought - maybe Albert Victor's a completely invented name?

ABBERLINE
Yes I have, but it's what the woman who loved him used. It's all I've got.

LADY JANE
What - and she didn't remember anything else?

ABBERLINE
Just that she had a daughter. She went down the rabbit hole and the wicked old queen said "off with her head".

LADY JANE
"Alice in Wonderland" - that's helpful.

But Abberline barely hears her - he's following a thought.

ABBERLINE
She remembered her daughter's name... I wonder... why couldn't her mind hold onto something else...?

Lady Jane looks at him, lost. She shrugs.

LADY JANE
I'm sorry, Fred - it's too late for children's stories. I'm going to bed.

ABBERLINE
(distracted)
Yes, all right... good night.

He leafs backwards through the pages - very fast. Lady Jane leaves. Abberline keeps looking - then he stops. He stares at the page. We don't see what's on it but we see his face. He's scared now. Very, very scared.

EARLY MORNING

The street at the front of Bishopsgate Police station is coming to life. A cab draws up and Abberline, looking exhausted, gets out. He goes up the front steps and into the station. A constable behind the desk looks up.

CONSTABLE
There's been a letter, sir.

INSIDE ABBERLINE'S OFFICE

The Sergeant and several other cops watch as Abberline reads aloud parts of a handwritten letter.

ABBERLINE
"I am down on whores and shan't quit ripping them 'til I do get buckled... the next job I do I'll clip the lady's ears off, just for jolly..."
(he throws it down on the desk - tired)
It's bullshit.

DETECTIVE
How do you know? There's been other cases -

ABBERLINE
The killer's intelligent. He doesn't write letters in red ink that start with "Dear Boss" and he certainly doesn't call himself "Jack the Ripper".
(he rubs his eyes)
It's a hoax.

SERGEANT
I don't think so, Fred.

ABBERLINE
Christ - not you too, Pete!

SERGEANT
I don't think it's a hoax. I think one of the bastards from the gutter press wrote it.

Abberline stares at him. The logic of what he says sinks in.

ABBERLINE
Who? That idiot Best from "The Star", the one who dreamt up Leather Apron?

SERGEANT
Probably. Invent a letter, send it to the coppers and then just report on developments. Can you think of a better way of keeping the story going?

Abberline runs his fingers through his hair -

ABBERLINE
Jesus!
(looks at his watch)
I've got to go.

THE DOOR OF MARY'S ROOM

opens a crack. She's not dressed yet, covering herself with a blanket. She looks through the gap at Abberline -

MARY
(surprised)
What do you want?

ABBERLINE
I want you to come with me.

MARY
Are you arresting me?

ABBERLINE
If I have to. I'll wait outside while you get dressed.

She swings the door open, letting him in.

MARY
Why bother? It doesn't matter, does it, Inspector - a woman like me, you can see all you want for three pence.

She lets the blanket fall, revealing her naked body, and walks to the chair where her clothes are lying. Abberline picks up the blanket and throws it at her -

-ABBERLINE --
Of course it matters!

He turns his back, allowing her to get dressed. For a moment, she just looks at him - still hurt and caring about him.

MARY
So... where are we going?

ABBERLINE
The opening of Parliament. The Queen arrives at nine o'clock.

MARY
Parliament?

ABBERLINE
What's wrong - not interested in democracy, Mary?

MARY
Of course I would be - if anyone in England practiced it.

She's pulled on her dress and shoes - she's ready.

PALACE ROAD

runs from the gates of Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament. The street is lined with sightseers. Uniformed police keep them back as ranks of ceremonial troops pass by - the Household Cavalry, the Life Guard, the Imperial Dragoons...

A cheer goes up for the Queen's gold-encrusted State coach. The dour old woman, dressed in her perpetual black, sits alone, waving at her subjects. Following close behind are dozens of other coaches carrying members of the Royal Family and the country's leading noblemen.

In the second rank is a magnificent vehicle trimmed in gold. Driving it - ramrod straight and dressed in finery - is a man we recognize. John Netley!

IN THE CROWD

Abberline and Mary push through to the front. The coaches are approaching the gates to the Houses of Parliament. Abberline points out Netley's coach (they can't see the driver's face because the footmen and postillions block him from view.)

ABBERLINE
The second coach! Look at the man inside... look at his face... understand?

Mary nods her head - yes. She steps out onto the road. The coach draws abreast of them. Inside a man sits alone. It's Albert Victor. He turns -

Mary looks through the window. The man starts to wave at what he thinks is an enthusiastic subject. Then he stops - he and the woman have seen each other before... a year ago in a basement apartment. Mary stares at him. He looks back. Then the coach is gone, passing through the gates and into the forecourt of the Houses of Parliament.

ABBERLINE
Was it him, Mary?!

MARY
(soft)
Who is he?

Abberline feels his stomach turn as the truth is confirmed.

ABBERLINE
Albert Victor. Prince Edward Albert Victor Christian. Grandson of Her Majesty the Queen. Heir to the throne of England.

Mary stares at him - God, what has she brought down on herself? All around them, the crowd is dispersing. Abberline speaks softly -

ABBERLINE
I can't see all the threads, Mary - not half of them I shouldn't think - but the Special Branch are involved, so's the Queen's surgeon and the Prince himself. God knows where else it leads. But there's one thing I can't fathom - the connection to Polly and Dark Annie.

He looks at her, hoping she'll volunteer something but she doesn't.

ABBERLINE
I found your friend Annie Crook, you know?

MARY
Annie? Where?!

ABBERLINE
It doesn't matter - she won't know you. She had an operation - maybe it was necessary, but it just so happens it destroyed her memory.

MARY
(close to tears)
But... memories are like someone's life.

ABBERLINE
I suppose they are but that's what we're dealing with. What's the connection, Mary? Help me.

But now she's more frightened than ever -

MARY
I don't know.

ABBERLINE
I'll tell you what I think - you did something or you know something. I think you're the link.

MARY
You're wrong, Inspector.

ABBERLINE
I know you don't trust coppers - me especially! - and if you're frightened, you've got every right to be, but you've got to give me a chance. You've got to help, Mary!

MARY
I can't.

Abberline turns away - frustrated, angry. He takes a second to compose himself.

MARY
I'd better be going...

ABBERLINE
How much money have you got?

MARY
Why?

ABBERLINE
I don't believe you, Mary - I think you're in danger. More danger than I probably realize. If I'm right, you mustn't go anywhere you're known. You can't work, can you? Stick to the poor neighborhoods - you've got a better chance of being lost there. Stay in that lodging house, but only as long as nobody knows you. That takes money. Can you afford it?

Mary looks at him - tenderness in her eyes.

MARY
I'll ask Mrs Finnane if I can work for lodging. If she'll do it, it'll be char work in the kitchen - four in the morning 'til after dinner time and I'll still have to pay for my food. But with what you gave me, I'll be able to manage for a while - I'll have to won't I? But thanks, anyway.

Time to go. They look at one another. A beat - then Mary puts out her hand. Abberline shakes it.

MARY
Goodbye, Fred.

She goes. Abberline watches her head towards the Houses of Parliament. He turns away, into the crowd.

AN IRON RAILING

Mary hurries past it. She glances in at the State carriages parked on the other side - and stops dead in her tracks. She stares through the bars and though we don't see what she does, we can tell from her face - it chills her to the bone.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

Fred walks along the sidewalk at the river's edge. A voice behind him -

MARY (O.S.)
Fred!

He turns - Mary comes towards him.

MARY
The Prince's coachman, I've seen him before... he came in the pub one night - he asked Polly her name.

Abberline stares at her - at last he gets a break.

ABBERLINE
Where, Mary?! Point him out!

Mary leads him into the crowd.

THE IRON RAILING

Mary and Abberline push through to the front of the crowd. She points at the carriages - Netley is laughing, sharing a joke with one of the other drivers. Abberline stares at him, marking him well.

ABBERLINE
I always thought he had an accomplice - who better than a coachman? It looks like you've found the monkey, Mary. God willing, the organ grinder won't be far behind.

He turns and looks at her - she's got other things on her mind.

MARY
I've got to go, Fred.

She gathers up her skirts, pushes through the crowd and hurries away -

THE RINGERS PUB

Mary enters and quickly looks around. It's mid-morning and the pub is almost empty. She goes to the bar -

MARY
I've got to find Liz Stride. You haven't seen her have you, Mr Ringer?

RINGER
Not this week. Peter Leyland said he saw her on Monday at the Horn O' Plenty, pissed out of her mind. Have you tried Miller's Rents?

MARY
There and everywhere else. Listen - I've got to tell her something. When she comes in, will you give her a message?

Ringer nods. Mary hurriedly writes out a note. Above the bar, she sees a sign for "Gilbey's Gin". She signs the note "Mary Gilbey" and puts it in an envelope.

MARY
Make sure you tell her it's from me, will you?

He nods his head. She turns and leaves.

BEAUTIFUL ROLLING HILLS

Fields of gold and yellow, haycarts in the dales, men and women harvesting vegetables. Under a tree, Kate Eddowes takes a drink from a bucket. She turns as a sunburnt man in his 30's approaches. This is John Kelly, her common-law husband.

JOHN
There's a bloke just arrived from London. He says they're offering a two hundred quid reward for the Whitechapel killer.

KATE
So? I don't know nothing about it.

JOHN
Don't be daft! Four women take a punt on getting some money and two of 'em are killed. It's gotta be that artist bloke. What's his name - Sickert?

KATE
Listen to me, John Kelly - I'm not telling the coppers anything. There's a name for that letter - it's called blackmail and I'm not going to jail for anyone.

JOHN
Jesus, woman. Nobody's gonna think you had anything to do with the letter! You can't even write. You just tell 'em you heard the other women talking about it. Now you're being a good citizen and informin' the coppers.

Kate starts to think about it -

JOHN
Shit, Kate - two hundred quid, just for us. It'd set us up. Or do you want to keep slogging away in Kent or London? Either way it's hard on your back.

KATE
It is a lot of money, isn't it?

JOHN
That's the girl! We can jump a train to London tonight.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND

is a huge and impressive building - sweeping steps lead up to a row of Doric columns. A horse-drawn cart pulls up in front of it, delivering bundles of the afternoon edition of "The Star" to the street vendors. A newsboy grabs an armful and starts to hawk them -

NEWSBOY
Coppers get a letter! Read all about him - Jack the Ripper!

Gentlemen of the City - businessmen - stop and listen. The newsboy starts to sell them as fast as he can take the money.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

The green leather benches of the beautiful chamber are full. A Member of Parliament rises to his feet.

POLITICIAN
My question is directed to the Prime Minister. Will the Honorable member assure terrified residents of London that the Government is do everything in its power to apprehend the man calling himself Jack the Ripper?

The six hundred members roar their approval - "Hear, hear... hear, hear". The Prime Minister stands up to answer. He looks around, beleaguered, worried...

HYDE PARK

Gull and Lord Hailsham walk down an avenue of beautiful oak trees. The sun is setting, casting a tangled web of shadows across their faces. Though we don't hear what they are saying, it's obvious Hailsham is angry. They come to a rise and look across a lawn. An afternoon rally has attracted thousands of people. A sign behind the podium reads:

Whitechapel Vigilance Committee

The president of the newly-formed group addresses the crowd -

PRESIDENT
Four women dead in a matter of weeks - how many more before the Police and Government take action?!

A roar of agreement goes up from the crowd. Lord Hailsham turns to Gull -

HAILSHAM
Now do you know what I'm saying? Finish it. You hear me? Finish it!

A PIGEON

pecks at a trail of bread crumbs. It's night -the trail of crumbs lead under a wooden box, propped up by a stick. Three street urchins hide around a corner, waiting to spring the trap - pigeon pie for dinner. We tilt up from the box - to a carriage parked on the side of the road.

Abberline sits next to the driver - watching the kids and the side gate of Buckingham Palace. The pigeon pecks its way under the box. One of the urchins tugs a string - the box falls down! Abberline looks up - a black carriage, the death coach, comes fast out of the gate. In the light of a street lamp, Abberline sees the driver's face - it's Netley.

ABBERLINE
Go!

The driver cracks his whip. Abberline looks down the street - it's bustling with carriages. Netley's coach travels fast - already it's half a block ahead.

NETLEY

is a fine driver, weaving in and out of the chaos of the street. He looks across, into the sweeping driveway of Buckingham Palace. Uniformed guards start to open the black and gold wrought-iron gates.

NETLEY
Shit!

He whips the horses hard, driving them into a gallop. Other uniformed guards step into the street, stopping all traffic. Netley's carriage squeezes through.

ABBERLINE'S DRIVER

reins to a screeching halt as the traffic in front stops.

ABBERLINE
Go round 'em!

DRIVER
I can't - it's the Queen, sir.

Abberline stands up and looks - the traffic all around the Palace has been stopped. The Queen, in a beautiful crimson carriage, is returning from dinner. The Household cavalry accompany her towards the gates of the Palace. The Royal carriage swings past Abberline. For a moment, he and the bitter old woman look at one another. Then she's gone and Abberline looks down Pall Mall - Netley's carriage is gathering speed, disappearing. Abberline's lost him.

THE BURNED OUT RUINS

of Ratcliffe Docks are silhouetted against the night. A row of filthy slums line the waterfront. In front of one a sign swings in the breeze:

The People's Palace
Cheap Lodging

INSIDE THE PEOPLE'S PALACE

Liz Stride lies on the floor of a room little bigger than a closet. Empty gin bottles lie next to her. She opens her eyes - God, it's one hell of a bender she's been on. Bang! Bang! on the door - the sound cuts through her head like a knife.

LANDLORD (O.S.)
Open the bloody door!

Liz crawls to the door on her knees and unslips the bolt. The door swings open -

LANDLORD
Your doss money only lasts 'til midnight.
You've got an hour to pay another day
or get your ass out of here.

LONG LIZ
My compliments to the manager - how
could I resist another night in such a
fine establishment?

LANDLORD
And don't give me any foreign lip either.

He slams the door. Long Liz up-ends her purse. Two half pennies fall out - that's all she's got. She slumps against the door, nursing her head.

LONG LIZ
Oh God...

BISHOPSGATE POLICE STATION

Abberline pays his driver and bounds up the steps. He's lost Netley - whatever he can do, it's got to be done fast. He goes through the door.

IN A CORRIDOR

Abberline meets the Sergeant coming out of another office. Abberline shows him the newspaper photograph of the women at the funeral.

ABBERLINE
You know the names of these women, Pete?

SERGEANT
Most of 'em.

ABBERLINE
I want everyone working this shift assembled in the muster room - that includes the men on the beat. I want the women arrested. No muckin' about, any charge you like.

SERGEANT
You mind telling me why?

ABBERLINE
Just do it, Pete. Use fucking bloodhounds if you like.

He stares at Abberline but the Inspector turns away, heading into his office.

THE DEATH COACH

is parked out of sight in a dark alleyway. We crane up from it - above the adjoining tenements. We look down Dorset Street - on the corner is The Ringers pub.

INSIDE THE PUB

Ringer serves a glass of ale to Netley.

NETLEY
You told me about a dark-haired lass one night. Said I couldn't do better than her if I wanted a bit of fun.

RINGER
That's right - you were going to double team her. Mary Kelly.

NETLEY
Yeah, that's her. She been in tonight?

RINGER
I don't think she's workin' the street any more. Like a lot of girls, she probably doesn't have the stomach for it - ha!ha!

NETLEY
Oh yeah, ha!ha! I've got a hard-on that'd make a blacksmith blush. You don't know where she lives, eh... maybe a home visit?

RINGER
Sorry... no idea, mate.

NETLEY
I'd make it worth her while. Yours, too.

Ringer looks down - Netley slides a silver florin across the bar.

RINGER
Now you put it like that - she did leave a note for one of her pals.

He rummages under the bar, pulls out the envelope and reads the note.

RINGER
It says a friend from Sweden's turned up and's staying at an address in Dwyer Street. Signed Mrs Gilbey, whoever that is. No help, I'm afraid.

NETLEY
Ah well, we can't do any more than that, can we?

Ringer tosses the note and envelope in a corner of the counter and turns away. Netley reaches over, flicks open the note and looks at the address.

THE DARK ALLEY

Netley walks towards the death coach. The window slides down. Gull looks out -

NETLEY
I've got an address for Mary Kelly. She's either using the name Mrs Gilbey or that's a friend of hers. Either way we can find her - it's about three mile away.

GULL
What about the others?

NETLEY
I didn't ask. The bloke'd believe I'd want to rut Mary Kelly, but not the other two.

GULL
I told you! We have to finish it, Netley.
(looks at his watch)
Still, it's early - the Kelly woman can await our pleasure. Jesus himself said he'd make us fishers of men. Drive, Netley - we'll cast our net once more in the sewer of Whitechapel.

Netley turns and swings himself onto the driver's seat. He snaps the reins - the carriage disappears into the night.

WILKES STREET

A flower seller has a stall on the corner. Liz Stride - looking for trade - picks a broken red carnation out of the gutter. She snaps off the stem and fits the bloom into her buttonhole. Smiling, she continues on her way.

THE DEATH COACH

turns into Wilkes Street. Traveling fast, it passes pawnshops, pubs and a group of drunk, arguing men. It bears down on the flower seller. Neither Gull or Netley have seen Liz, but at any moment they will. Closer they come, closer - still they haven't seen her! Liz, blithely unaware, turns into a tiny alley-way. The death coach gallops past.

DORSET STREET

Liz has cut through the alley into the heart of the red-light area. She stands outside the Salvation Army hall, talking to a friend of hers - Kate Eddowes. The sounds of voices singing a hymn - "Amazing Grace" - carries over from inside the hall. Kate is giggly, a bit drunk.

KATE
We got back from Kent this mornin' and been loaded ever since. They put me in the drink tank down in Whitechapel - only let me out half an hour ago.
(drops her voice, confidential)
We've been celebratin'.

LONG LIZ
Celebrating what?

KATE
My John's come up with a way to make some money. Real money.

LONG LIZ
He has, has he? How's that, then?

KATE
You know that -

Then her street cunning cuts through the alcoholic fog - why share this with anyone?

KATE
Forget it. You know how it is - I don't want to put a jinx on it.

Liz knows how it is alright - people looking after themselves. They keep talking but we pull back from them -

THE DEATH COACH

has turned into Dorset Street. The sidewalks are crowded and Liz and Kate stand in the shadows. Then the hymn, accompanied by an organ, reaches it's finale. The sound of the voices, uplifted to God, carries across the road. Netley turns - and reins the horses back hard.

Bang! Gull slides open a narrow panel that allows the passenger to talk to the driver. Netley inclines his head and holds up his fingers - two. Gull looks at the two women. Already the excitement is starting to rise within him. He smiles.

ON THE SIDEWALK

Liz checks her make-up in a fragment of mirror and returns it to Kate.

LONG LIZ
One more fare and I'll have enough for rent. It'll be home to bed for me.

KATE
Half your luck. I had my doss money three times over this mornin' - still that's the perils of drink for you. I'll try my luck down Mitre Square.

The two women nod to each other in farewell. Liz turns and walks down the street, looking for trade. Netley loosens the reins - the carriage moves towards her.

A man stops Liz and looks her up and down. We don't hear what he says but he's obviously asking her the price. Inside the carriage, Gull's excitement turns to anger. Under his breath, he curses the man - a vile string of obscenities. The man shakes his head - whatever price Liz is asking is too much for him. Liz keeps walking. As the carriage draws abreast of her, Gull slides down the passenger window.

GULL
Young lady. Young lady...

Long Liz turns and approaches the coach.

GULL
My dear, you look chilled to the bone. Open the door, come into the warm.

He smiles at her. Liz looks at his distinguished face - it reassures her. She puts on a comely smile -

LONG LIZ
It's a pleasure to meet a kind gentleman on such a raw evening.

She climbs in out of the wind but just to be safe leaves the door open.

LONG LIZ
What did you have in mind, sir?

GULL
Come closer...

He slides his hand inside her bodice and starts to feel her breasts.

LONG LIZ
(smiling)
A tit man, are you? It's a shilling for short time, a florin for -

Netley leans down from the driver's seat and slams the door shut. Liz turns, suddenly frightened. She grabs the door handle and turns - it won't open! The crack of the whip - the coach starts moving. She spins back to Gull -

GULL
We're going to have to be quick!

The Liston knife drives towards her breasts - it hits her flesh. Liz screams. Gull's hand clamps across her mouth. He slashes the knife down from her breasts to her knees, cutting apart her dress and petticoats, laying bare her stomach and crotch. Liz, still alive, stares at him in horror. He draws the knife back, aiming at her stomach -

The coach turns into a dark, cobblestoned road. Liz's stifled cry is drowned out by the clatter of wheels.

LIZ STRIDE'S BODY

lies in a heap in Dutfield Yard. Constables with lanterns search the surrounding alleyways. Already the curious are starting to gather - in another few hours it will grow to a flood. Abberline pushes through. He bends down next to the half naked body and looks at Liz's mutilated face - her eyelids have been slashed, the tip of her nose is missing. A detective comes to Abberline's side -

DETECTIVE
She hasn't got any papers on her. We're rounding up some of the bang-tails to see if anyone can identify her.

ABBERLINE
Don't bother - her name's Elizabeth Stride. Long Liz.

He turns and leans back against the wall - tired, defeated.

ABBERLINE
(quietly)
It's like the Mad Hatter said - "they tried and tried but it was too little, too late. Off with her head, off with her head!"

DETECTIVE
What was that, Fred?

ABBERLINE
Nothing. A kid's book that's all.

The detective turns away - maybe the Inspector's starting to lose it, after all. The Sergeant, sweating, runs up to Abberline.

SERGEANT
We need you, Fred! We've got another one! About a mile away.

Abberline stares at the Sergeant. Fear and panic sweep over him -

ABBERLINE
Jesus... who?! Mary Kelly?

SERGEANT
No. Woman by the name of Eddowes.

Abberline stares at him - Kate Eddowes? He takes a moment to calm himself. The thought that it might have been Mary has really panicked him. God, he didn't realize how much he'd come to care about her.

SERGEANT
Are you all right, Fred?

ABBERLINE
Yeah... just give me a moment.

SERGEANT
Quick! The woman screamed - we were only a couple of minutes behind him.

GRAFFITI ON A WALL

is written in large letters in chalk:

"The Juwes are not the men who will be blamed for this for nothing"

Lying underneath it is a piece of blood-soaked apron and, not far away, the slashed and gutted body of Kate Eddowes. Police are milling about everywhere. Abberline and the Commissioner himself, Sir Charles Warren, look at the graffiti -

ABBERLINE
Of course, it could have been on the wall *before* the murder - they're mostly Jewish people living in this building.

SIR CHARLES
Wash it off.

Abberline looks at him, unbelieving -

ABBERLINE
Sir Charles - it may be evidence. It should be photographed.

SIR CHARLES
That's not a mis-spelling of "Jews". It's got nothing to do with synagogues. It's a word only a Mason would use. Like everything to do with the Freemasons, its meaning is secret.

ABBERLINE
That's even more reason we should keep it.

SIR CHARLES
No! It's probably someone trying to discredit the Masons. A lot of powerful men are members of the society. I don't need them asking why that was allowed to happen. Come to that, we don't need every rabbi in London asking the same thing.

The two men look at each other - Abberline obviously doesn't agree.

SIR CHARLES
It's my responsibility, Fred.

Grim-faced, Abberline nods his head in agreement. He turns and walks away. Sir Charles watches him go. There's a sadness in the Commissioner's eyes - he knows just how compromised he is.

KATE'S BODY

is lifted onto a stretcher and carried to the back of an ambulance. A constable has almost finished scrubbing the graffiti from the wall. Abberline moves slowly, almost alone, near where her body lay. On the ground are a couple of buttons.

He bends to look at them - probably torn from Kate as the killer ripped her bodice off. He starts to stand - then he sees one of the cobblestones is missing. A thin film of blood has flowed into it, covering the mud. Pressed into it is the perfect imprint of a man's heel.

Abberline pulls out a white handkerchief and presses it into the hole. Carefully he lifts it out. Traced in blood is an impression of the heel print. In its center is the bootmaker's mark - a three-turreted castle.

ABBERLINE

Gull.

We hold on him - totally alone, staring at the truth. The wind starts to rise, moaning and sighing through the tenements. It carries over to -

THE SIGN

out the front of Mrs Finnane's boarding house. It's the early hours of the same morning, the house in darkness, nothing stirring. We crane up to a window -

INSIDE A BEDROOM

Mary is asleep. The few possessions she has are scattered around the room - a couple of dresses hanging from hooks on the wall, a photograph of a family standing in front of a broken-down Irish cottage, a small glass perfume jar...

A LONG AND LONELY ROAD

The death carriage travels fast, foam flying from the horses' mouths. Netley cracks the whip - heading for the boarding house. Inside, Gull looks at his watch. It's 3.50am.

THE REAR OF MARY'S BOARDING HOUSE

Gull, carrying the leather case, mounts a flight of exterior steps. He opens a door and steps into a -

CORRIDOR

A candle in a glass bracket casts a shifting, faltering light. Silently Gull makes his way past the numbered doors. He stops in front of number 14 and tries the handle. Locked.

INSIDE MARY'S ROOM

The point of the Liston knife slides between the edge of the door and the frame. It flicks up the latch. Without a sound, the door opens. Gull slides in and closes it behind him. Click! He locks it. He puts the bag down on the floor and crosses to the bed. In the darkness it's a jumble of blankets and pillows. He takes hold of the bed clothes and draws them back. The bed is empty.

A rustle of movement behind him! He spins, raising an arm to fend off the blow. There's nothing there - just the wind through a crack in the window, hitting the dress hanging on the wall. Gull looks around - the room is empty.

A NARROW LANEWAY

The death coach is parked in the shadows. Netley is in his seat. There's blood on his overcoat, a smear of it across his face - he looks shattered. He glances up at the second floor of the boarding house. Through the window of room 14 he sees a candle moving back and forth. What's Gull doing? Is it over - that fast?

INSIDE MARY'S ROOM

Gull lifts up Mary's underwear and holds it to his face, catching the smell of her body. He casts it aside and picks up the photograph - a dirt poor Irish family. There's five children - all boys except for a beautiful girl aged about twelve. It's unmistakably Mary. Gull puts it down and takes up the perfume bottle. It's called "Wild Roses". He takes out the stopper - and curls his nose in disgust.

Crash! Something metallic hits the ground deep within the house. Gull turns, listening -

IN THE KITCHEN

Mary is at work. She curses as she picks up a large cauldron of water she's dropped. It's four in the morning and she's alone, getting the kitchen ready for the day. It's a sequence of inter-connected rooms - food pantry, scullery, china room, bread ovens. A fire roars in the hearth. Mary picks up the cauldron and puts it on the grate to boil.

THE DOOR

into the scullery opens and Gull - his frock-coat buttoned, carrying his leather bag - enters. He listens. Nothing. He walks between the wooden benches, passes the pantry and enters the heart of the kitchen.

It's hard to see - pots and pans hang from racks, a series of benches and half-walls, shadows playing from the firelight. From a nook near the fireplace, the sound of movement. Gull silently unclips the leather bag - he has the Liston knife close at hand. He walks forward.

NEXT TO THE BREAD OVENS

Three cats circle a rat they've trapped. One of the cats pounces, grabs the rat by the neck and shakes it. A second cat turns - Gull is standing looking at them. This was the noise he heard. The adrenaline runs out of him. He relaxes. A voice behind him -

MARY (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Gull, startled, spins - Mary's come in from the courtyard. She holds two buckets she's filled from the water pump. She looks at Gull's distinguished face, takes in his frock-coat and the leather bag - and smiles.

MARY
I'm sorry, Doctor - I didn't mean to startle you.

Gull's seen her before, or a version of her - in the photograph. He drinks her in with his eyes - the lustrous hair, the fine features, the soft swell of her breasts. The others were nothing compared to this.

GULL
What a lovely scent you're wearing. It smells like wild roses.

MARY
That's exactly what it is. Can I help you?

GULL
Yes, I've been looking for someone. Would you care for a grape?

Out of his pocket he takes a bag of grapes. He walks up to her, offering the grapes. Mary reaches out and takes one. Gull is now within striking distance. Mary lifts the grape to her mouth.

Gull's hand, hidden from her, is coming up - he's going to grab her throat and close off the carotid artery. Not to kill her, but enough to make her helpless. He wants to enjoy this. His lips are dry, he runs his tongue along them. Mary doesn't notice - she's looking past him.

MARY
'Morning, Mrs Finnane.

Gull turns - a big woman in her 50's is coming through the doorway. This is the owner of the boarding house. She looks at the Doctor -...

MRS FINNANE
Is something wrong?

MARY
No, nothing. The Doctor's looking for someone.

Gull is caught between the two women. He barely misses a beat -

GULL
A woman by the name of Netley, the mother of one of my staff. They sent for me, said she was having convulsions.

MRS FINNANE
No-one by the name of Netley here.

GULL
Number 42?

MRS FINNANE
Next door.

GULL
(surprised)
I do beg your pardon.

He picks up his bag, looks once more at Mary and goes. Mary catches the look - there's something about it... as if someone just walked across her grave.

THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAY

streams through a window and into the kitchen. The place is bustling - cooks and maids are getting breakfast ready for the lodgers.

Mary looks up from scrubbing down a bench - she sees Abberline standing in the doorway. He has come straight from the crime scene. One look at his face and she knows something terrible has happened. She goes to him.

ABBERLINE
It's bad news. Liz Stride and Kate Eddowes were murdered four hours ago.

Mary feels her knees weaken - she leans on a bench. She tries to be strong but tears fill her eyes. Abberline takes her arm and guides her out of the kitchen, into -

THE DESERTED DINING ROOM

Mary sits down at one of the long tables. Abberline takes the page from "The Star" out of his pocket - the one that shows the women at Polly's funeral. He lays it down in front of her.

ABBERLINE
There were five of you and now there's only one. When's he coming for you?

Mary's face is turned away but she shudders - she's starting to sob.

ABBERLINE
(gently)
Do you want to tell me now?

Silence. A beat. Then she looks up.

MARY
You're right, there were the five of us, but it was my idea so I have to take the blame.

She stops to collect herself, trying not to cry. She goes on -

MARY
We were desperate... I knew about Albert Victor's relationship with Annie. He was in love with her - every chance he got, he was at the house. You only had to see them together to know it. He was the father of her child.

ABBERLINE
The Prince's child? That would make her third in line to the throne. Jesus! But maybe not - her being illegitimate - I don't know what the law is.

MARY
That's the point, Fred - she wasn't illegitimate. Over a year ago, before she was pregnant, Annie Crook and Albert Victor went to a tiny church in Sussex. The only witnesses were two farm workers. On an afternoon late in July they were married.

ABBERLINE
This is the Kingdom you're talking about, Mary. A thousand years of power! No wonder they're killing people. She would have been Queen. As monarch, Albert Victor becomes head of the Church of England - the marriage couldn't be dissolved.
(he pauses)
You said you were desperate.

MARY
I saw men come for him and Annie - you say it was the Special Branch, but I didn't know that then. All I knew was that somebody was willing to go to a lot of trouble to keep it quiet. I got to thinking, they might pay us to do the same. So I wrote a letter -

ABBERLINE
You tried to blackmail the heir to the Throne?!

MARY
I didn't know it was him! I thought he was just some lord or something -

ABBERLINE
For God's sake! How the hell could you threaten to expose someone if you didn't know who he was?

MARY
I didn't have to know, did I? His people just had to *think* that I did. I sent the letter to a friend of his - an artist, Walter Sickert. I posed for him once - he's the one who got me the job with Annie. Now he's supposed to be in Italy but maybe that's just a blind. I've thought for a week or more he might be the killer.

ABBERLINE
It's not him.

MARY
You know?

ABBERLINE
It's man by the name of Gull. Sir William Gull. The same man that took away Annie Crook's memory. He's the Royal doctor.

Mary stares at him - really scared.

ABBERLINE
What is it?

MARY
There was a doctor here this morning.

ABBERLINE
How do you know?

MARY
I spoke to him. He offered me grapes...

She looks at Abberline. His face is ashen.

MARY
It was him, wasn't it?

Abberline nods his head - yes. Mary starts to shake. Abberline reaches out and finally puts his arms around her. She folds herself against him. He holds her tight -

ABBERLINE
(softly)
I should have thought... I almost lost you, Mary.

She looks up at him - he kisses her forehead, her eyes...

MARY
I think you have, Fred - they're not going to stop are they?

ABBERLINE
We're not done yet. There has to be someone I can go to, someone worth his position and power.

MARY
Say there is - how would you find him?

ABBERLINE
There's a woman I know... she's an aristocrat, nobody's better connected.

MARY
How do you know you can trust *her*?

ABBERLINE
Because she's... she...

He tries to find the right words. Mary looks at his face - she guesses the nature of the relationship. Their eyes meet and they look at one another.

ABBERLINE
No, Mary - it's not like that. It all seems like a lifetime ago.

She looks even deeper into his eyes. He leans forward and kisses her. She kisses him back - not matter what else happens, she's thankful she's found this. She puts her head against his chest, feeling the warmth of him. From outside - the sound of voices. Breakfast is starting to be served.

ABBERLINE
We have to get you of here. Do you know some place to go?

MARY
What about where you live? I'd feel safer there.

ABBERLINE
I don't know if someone's watching me. I've met Gull, Mary. I've told him things - including about Annie - I should never have said. Is there somewhere else?

MARY
There's a place down the other end of Whitechapel. I just saw it once, nobody knows me there.

Abberline nods, getting to his feet, helping her up.

OUTSIDE THE BOARDING HOUSE

It's starting to rain - people hurry along the sidewalks, heading out early for work. Abberline and Mary - carrying a bag holding her few possessions - come out the front door of Mrs Finnane's. They move fast - Abberline is looking around, wary - and head up the street.

We hold on a block of stables opposite. A young kid - no more than twelve - watches them. He tosses his grooming brush to another kid, pulls on his jacket and sets off in pursuit.

IN THE STREET

Abberline and Mary, collars turned up against the rain, splash through the puddles. The street is getting busier. Neither of them notice the boy on the other side of the road shadowing them. The three of them fade into the crowd. The sound of thunder carries over -

THE MARBLE ENTRANCE FOYER

of Lady Jane's house. It's an hour later and the rain has turned to a full-fledged storm. The Butler opens the front door. He looks askance at Abberline - sodden suit, crumpled shirt, a day-and-a-half's stubble.

BUTLER
I'm not sure Her Ladyship is receiving this morning, sir.

LADY JANE (O.S.)
Who is it, Mister P?

The Butler steps aside. Abberline looks through the door - Lady Jane stands half way up the sweeping staircase. She stares at him -

LADY JANE
Good God - you don't look like you've slept for days.

ABBERLINE
I don't think I have.

A MAGNIFICENT BEDROOM SUITE

Tall windows command a view of a garden. Fires burn in the bedroom, the sitting room, the bathroom, the dressing room. A platoon of servants hurry back and forth, drawing the bath, laying out towels and clothes. Abberline sits in an armchair, still in his suit, barely noticing it all.

The Butler and two maids position a table in front of the windows and remove a host of silver covers - eggs, beef, fruit, toast, juice, bacon, salmon. Breakfast. Lady Jane takes Abberline by the arm. They sit down at the table together. The Butler and servants withdraw. Lady Jane picks up serving utensils -

LADY JANE
You'll have to bear with me - I've never done this before.

ABBERLINE
(quietly)
I need your help, Jane.

LADY JANE
Of course.

ABBERLINE
I need an introduction to someone, a person you trust beyond doubt... someone powerful. The Prime Minister, perhaps...

She looks at him. There's something in the way he's sitting - just perfectly still - but suddenly she's afraid.

LADY JANE
I don't understand. The police... ?

ABBERLINE
It's a conspiracy, Jane - some of the highest in the land. I don't know what else to do.

LADY JANE
A conspiracy? Of course I'll do anything I can.
(pauses while she thinks)
But don't you think...

ABBERLINE
Think what?

LADY JANE
If it's the sort of people you say, some of the highest people -

ABBERLINE
There's four women dead!

LADY JANE
You're not letting me finish. You're going to make accusations against people who are very powerful. I'm asking you if that's sensible. Should anyone fight a battle they can't win? You've done your job, Fred. Nobody says you have to take it any farther. Will you be rewarded? I hardly think so.

He stares at her. She takes his hands in hers.

LADY JANE
Think of the future, Fred. Remember what we spoke about - everything's possible for you. Why risk that?

Abberline looks at the luxurious room - silk drapes, Old Masters on the walls, servants at beck and call. She smiles at him... perfect...

ABBERLINE
(softly)
For me.

LADY JANE
What?

ABBERLINE
You asked - why risk it? That's what I'm telling you - for what's inside of me. For what I think is right.

LADY JANE
"For what is right" - compared to these other things? Forgive the word, but you seem to be forgetting, these women were just whores.

He gets to his feet

ABBERLINE
Whores?! Whores, Jane? And if I turn my back on this, I'll be selling whatever beliefs I have left for the promise of a future. What do you think that makes me?

LADY JANE
Go ahead, then. But you're throwing it all away. You understand that, don't you? What a waste. You've come so far - a doctor's son to... who knows where?

ABBERLINE
No - do me justice, Jane. It's farther even than that.

LADY JANE
What?

ABBERLINE
You should go down Ratcliffe Highway one day, right where it runs alongside the river. I was taken there as a boy once. You can see the rings where they used to chain pirates at low tide. People would sit on the bank and watch the river rise. The prisoners would claw and tear at their chains until they couldn't keep their heads above water any longer. It's an evil place and I still think about it, you know.
(cont.)

ABBERLINE (cont.)
When I look back on my childhood, there's only one thing I've ever known that's more cruel - growing up in poverty. I lied to you, Jane. I'm not a doctor's son. My father was a saddlemaker in Dorset, a drunken saddlemaker who died when I was ten. I did a hundred jobs to put myself through school. By the time I came to London, I'd learned a lot about the world. I knew where you came from is almost as important as where you're going. I created a history and somewhere along the line I think, I almost lost myself. But not quite. I thought the cost didn't matter, the end justified the means. I was wrong. I don't want it at this price, Jane. From what I've seen now, I don't think I want it at any price.

He looks up. She meets his gaze - her eyes are distant. It's the look she uses with the servants.

LADY JANE
I would appreciate it if you would never mention this to anyone.

ABBERLINE
Or *any* of this conversation.

LADY JANE
(rising to her feet)
I will tell my friends that the gulf between us was too great to bridge. I think that's the truth, isn't it? Good day, Inspector.

She indicates the door - she's throwing him out.

ABBERLINE
Good day, m'lady.

Abberline turns and opens a pair of folding doors. In silence, he walks out of Belgravia.

THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS

overlooking the stables of Buckingham Palace. It's nearly lunchtime - the place is bustling.

GULL (O.S.)
What do you mean - you've had enough?

INSIDE NETLEY'S ROOM

Netley is unshaven and ragged-looking. Gull, in his overcoat, stares down at him -

NETLEY
I reckon I'm done, sir. Holdin' that Kate lass - I felt her strugglin'... trying so hard... then her blood, hitting my face.

GULL
Oh, for God's sake, man! A little bit of blood. It washes off.

NETLEY
I don't know as if it does. I'm just an ordinary bloke. It's in all the papers, it's everywhere you look. I... I don't know where I am any more, sir...

He looks up at Gull, frightened of his reaction. But the Doctor has softened -

GULL
I can tell you exactly where we are Netley - in the most extreme region of the human mind, a subconscious underworld, a radiant abyss where men meet themselves.

Netley stares at him - more confused than ever.

GULL
But you're right, Netley - we've hit a nerve. The stories *are* everywhere. But they don't understand, do they? Let's acquaint the newspapers' fabrications with reality, shall we? Can you write?

NETLEY
It's the same as me readin', sir - pretty rough like.

GULL
But good enough, I'll warrant. Come Netley, we're going to write a letter.

Gull picks up a couple of sheets of paper. He takes out his fountain pen and gives it to the coachman -

GULL
How would you start, Netley?

NETLEY
Well, "Dear Sir" I s'pose.

GULL
No. One begins a letter with one's own address. Didn't I tell you I knew where we were? Write it, Netley - write this: "From Hell..."

BISHOPSGATE POLICE STATION

Abberline comes through the front door - he looks like he's dead on his feet. He barely acknowledges the constable on the desk and goes into the rear of the station. About half a dozen cops are gathered around a desk, looking at something. The Sergeant turns and sees him -

SERGEANT
We got another letter, about an hour ago.

ABBERLINE
Good - file it with the other five hundred.

Abberline keeps walking. The anxiety, the fatigue - he's close to breaking point.

SERGEANT
Yeah, but it's the first to enclose part of a human kidney. The doctor says the length of artery matches exactly what was left in Kate Eddowes' body.

That stops him - he just stares. Then he turns and goes. The Sergeant follows him -

SERGEANT
A genuine letter - and you're not interested. What's wrong?

ABBERLINE
I'm out of my depth... I'm so far out I think I'm drowning. I'm going down to see the Commissioner. I don't know what else to do. I hope to God he can help.

SERGEANT
(kindly)
I wouldn't bother, Fred.

ABBERLINE
What?

SERGEANT
The rumor is Sir Charles resigned earlier today. One of the reporters told me.

ABBERLINE
Then I guess it's true. Someone that low probably has his ear to the ground.

He turns on his heel and heads back out.

THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE

Gaslights are burning, it's early evening. Sir Charles' possessions are packed in boxes. He sits behind his desk, listening to a uniformed constable.

CONSTABLE
It's Inspector Abberline, sir. He's waiting outside.

SIR CHARLES
No. Tell him I've already gone. Suggest he might find me down at -

Sir Charles glances up - Abberline has come in from the waiting room and stands in the half-open doorway. For a moment the two men's eyes meet, Sir Charles caught in the lie.

SIR CHARLES
Sorry, Fred. Trying not to see anyone. A hard day for me, you know - forty years in the force, ten years in this office... Still, Marjorie's been on at me for months to do it. Not getting any younger, am I? Finally, I decided to take the plunge.

Abberline enters the office. The Constable leaves. The two men look at one another.

ABBERLINE
Can I ask you something - are you a Mason, Sir Charles?

SIR CHARLES
Yes...as a matter of fact I am. Why?

ABBERLINE
I know members are prohibited from discussing the society, but I'm told there's a saying - "Who will help the widow's son?" Is that right?

SIR CHARLES
It's a secret phrase but I suppose I can tell you. When one Mason says it to another, it means he should render assistance without question. Why do you ask?

ABBERLINE
Queen Victoria's a widow, isn't she?

SIR CHARLES
I don't follow...

ABBERLINE
I'm just wondering who will help the widow's son - or in her case, grandson. Sir William Gull's a Mason too, isn't he?

SIR CHARLES
Don't say any more, Fred. Whatever you think you know, forget it. Turn around and walk out.

ABBERLINE
I've come to you for help.

SIR CHARLES
I can't help you.

ABBERLINE
You're the Commissioner of Police!

SIR CHARLES
What good is that? How do you think I got there? All I can do is offer a small, private protest. That's why I'm resigning.

ABBERLINE
No. There's one thing you can do - what am I dealing with? How high does it go?

Sir Charles shakes his head - he can't answer that. Abberline leans over the desk -

ABBERLINE
Tell me! To the Government?

Sir Charles looks up - the two men's eyes meet.

ABBERLINE
Higher? The Prime Minister?

No response.

ABBERLINE
Higher? The Lord High Chancellor?

No response.

ABBERLINE
The Queen?

Sir Charles looks straight at Abberline - that's his answer.

ABBERLINE
(softly)
Oh God.

TWO FLAGS

fly in a storm-driven wind. One is the Union jack, the other shows three gold lions on a red field. This is the Royal Standard, the coat of arms of the kings and queens of England. The flags fly atop Buckingham Palace.

THE ENTRANCE FOYER

of the palace is huge - all marble and gilt and a sweeping staircase. At the top of the stairs, two uniformed soldiers - members of the elite Household Guard - stand on either side of a pair of inlaid doors.

THE QUEEN'S STUDY

is a beautiful room - book-lined walls, Old Masters on either side of the fireplace, windows that look straight up Pall Mall. Queen Victoria sits behind a priceless Chippendale desk. She is almost seventy years old, a hard and uncompromising woman. This is the fiftieth year of her reign and in that time the Empire she rules has come to embrace a third of the world. She is speaking to someone we can't see -

VICTORIA
Frankly, we are disappointed. As our principal private secretary this was your responsibility. Now look at it! Questions in Parliament, protests - where will it end?!

She turns - we see the man she is talking to. It's Lord Hailsham. He bows his head -

HAILSHAM
I'm sorry, ma'am. As I said, I did speak to him -

VICTORIA
And did he explain the necessity for such excessive ghastliness?

HAILSHAM
He says the women are traitors - he appears to have an encyclopedic knowledge of the terrible ways in which such people have been punished. That's what he says - but I believe the reason may be more prosaic.

The Queen looks at him, wanting him to continue.

HAILSHAM
As you know, Gull is a very disciplined man - and yet the murders are increasingly... shall I say - lurid. I think the man has come to gain some form of... physical satisfaction... from his activities.

The Queen gets the meaning. She stares at him, sickened.

VICTORIA
One more woman, that's all, isn't it?

HAILSHAM
Yes.

VICTORIA
Tonight. We want it finished tonight. Do we make ourselves clear?

ABBERLINE'S LODGING HOUSE

Gas lights are burning - it's night. An overnight bag is lying on the floor in Abberline's suite of rooms. He is whirling through the place, grabbing clothes and whatever possessions come to hand. He thrusts them in the bag and heads for the door.

Abberline is getting out. Two tickets for the steamer to Ireland lie on the hall table. Abberline grabs them, takes one last look around the place, and goes out the door.

GARDENER'S COURT

is a group of old brick buildings built around a courtyard. At the front hangs a rusted sign:

Rooms to Let

A steady rain, starting to turn to mist, pours down on it. Already the mist is gathering like a cloak around the street lamps. The death carriage pulls up and parks in a street alongside the rooming house.

Netley, bundled up against the weather, is on the driver's seat. Next to him is the young boy from the stables - the one that followed Abberline and Mary.

The stable-boy points at a lighted window. Mary steps up to the glass and pulls down the shade. The stable-boy turns to Netley and puts out his hand. Netley pays him. The kid grins, swings off the coach and melts into the mist.

INSIDE THE POLICE STATION

Abberline walks fast down a deserted corridor. He fishes a key from his pocket and opens a heavy oak door - the evidence locker. He searches the shelves until he finds what he's looking for - the revolver he took from the American seaman. He shrugs off his jacket, swings the holster over his shoulder and pulls his jacket back on. He fills a pocket with bullets.

OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION

Abberline, carrying his overnight bag, comes out the front doors, straight into the miserable night. The mist is turning to London fog. He looks for a cab - the line in front of Liverpool Street station stretches forever. He curses, pulls up his collar and starts walking fast.

BROOK STREET

The foul night muffles every sound. Lights are dimly visible in the row of elegant homes. The front door of number seventy-four opens and Gull emerges from his house. The death carriage is parked at the curb. He hurries towards it and climbs inside.

A CORNER STORE

Mary is buying food for supper. The shopkeeper hands her the change - a five pound note and some coins. She puts it in her pocket, buttons it closed and leaves. Outside, people stand and watch three kids brawling over a penny. Another urchin cruises the crowd. Mary pushes through the crowd. The urchin stumbles into Mary. As she pushes him off, we see him slice the button off her pocket with a knife. The kid has his hand in and out of her pocket before we can blink. Mary doesn't feel a thing.

The pickpocket disappears into the crowd. His accomplices stop their brawling and melt away.

THE DEATH COACH

is parked in the street alongside Gardener's Court. Gull and Netley watch Mary, carrying her groceries, enter the front door of the building.

They turn to Mary's window, waiting for the lantern to be lit. Nothing happens. Gull slaps his gloves back and forth, impatient.

GULL
Damned women... always gossiping.

Still the window remains unlit.

LIVERPOOL STREET

Steam and smoke from a train pulling into Liverpool Street station rolls through the rain and fog. It almost obscures Abberline. He darts out into the road and succeeds in flagging down a vacant cab.

ABBERLINE
(urgent)
Gardener's Court. You know it? Down near Highgate.

Abberline climbs inside. Crack! The driver snaps his whip.

GARDENER'S COURT

At last the light goes on in Mary's room. Netley and Gull watch - through the drawn shade they see her pull her dress over her head and step out of her petticoat. We push in on Gull's face - he can barely contain his excitement. He watches the naked silhouette move across the room and extinguish the lantern.

THE CAB

crawls through a jumble of traffic. Abberline calls to the driver -

ABBERLINE
What's the trouble?

The driver points through the fog - ahead is an overturned milk cart, its horse lying on its side, gallons of milk pouring out of the pails. It runs down the street, turning the cobblestones a ghostly white. The traffic trundles slowly through it.

THE DEATH COACH

stands in the shadows. Netley is in the driver's seat, hunched up against the weather, whistling tunelessly to himself. Mary's window is in darkness -

INSIDE MARY'S ROOM

A woman's sleeping figure is curled under the blankets, her back to the door. The only light comes from the coals in the fireplace. The door inches open. Gull, carrying the amputation kit, steps inside.

A LONG STREET

Abberline's cab skirts the overturned wagon. It accelerates fast down a fog-shrouded, rain-slicked street.

MARY'S ROOM

Gull moves across the room. In the firelight he sees the familiar clothes, the photo of the Irish cottage, the bottle of cheap scent. He stops at the side of the bed and drinks in the curled form - an arm stretched across the pillow, one breast partly exposed.

GULL
(like a lover)
Hello, Mary -

She stirs under the covers. He whips the pillow out and rams it over her head. She thrashes with her legs, trying to kick herself free, exposing her naked body. Gull smiles at the whiteness of her. One handed, he selects a knife from the amputation kit. He plunges the instrument down! It slices through the pillow and into her face. She screams - a scream of primal pain. Not even the pillow can muffle it entirely. The cry carries over -

A CAT

in an upstairs room catches the sound. It jumps from a table onto a bed, waking an elderly woman. She sits up - another cry, or was it? Again she listens - nothing.

MARY'S ROOM

She's still alive - a rasping breathing comes from beneath the blood-soaked pillow. Gull turns to the amputation kit and selects his favorite - the Liston knife. He pulls aside the tangle of blankets - her body is completely unmarked. Not for long - he makes two ritualistic cuts across her breasts. She jerks from the pain but there's no strength to it. Gull holds her down with one hand on the pillow.

He looks at the naked, bleeding body - he's sweating, his breathing fast and shallow.

He positions himself between her legs and raises the knife above her stomach. He slides it through her flesh and lays open the abdominal cavity. Blood sprays. There's a reflex spasm then she lies still. Completely still.

ABBERLINE

is in the back of the fast-traveling cab. In his hand are the tickets to Ireland...

MARY'S ROOM

Gull has banked the fire into a roaring blaze - the iron kettle hanging above it is starting to melt. The walls around the bed are covered in blood. We barely glimpse the body but we see that it is terribly mutilated - at least one arm has been severed and what is left of the face is a mask of blood.

Gull walks to the fire with his instruments. He pushes the Liston knife and the crooked bistoury into the flames, purifying them. The heat threatens to scorch him but he is so euphoric, he barely notices.

THE DEATH COACH

is almost obscured in the fog and rain. Netley sees Gull approaching - he looks exhausted but his eyes are shining bright. He seems to stagger as he opens the coach door.

NETLEY
Are you all right, sir?

GULL
Perfectly. I have come through the fire. I have stood in the Sea of Tranquillity and seen the five rings of Saturn. "He is risen", that's what the good book says, isn't it? "He is risen."

As he gets in, he turns and looks once more at Netley. His voice is gentle -

GULL
I saved the best for last. Our great work is finished. You've done your duty. Go home, Netley.

Netley straightens himself up and snaps the reins. The coach heads into the darkness.

A CORRIDOR

in the boarding house. The elderly woman from upstairs, holding a lantern, comes down the stairs. She heads towards the open door of a bathroom then stops. She lowers the lantern - a bloody footprint on the floor. Then another - she follows them to Mary's door. It stands ajar. She pushes it open and looks into the room. She screams!

THE CAB

turns into the street in front of Gardener's Court. Abberline sees police, an ambulance and a throng of people gathered outside the boarding house.

ABBERLINE
No...

He hurls the door open, scrambles out and runs -

THE CORRIDOR

outside Mary's room is packed. The local police try to bring some sort of order. Abberline pushes through to a bluff-faced cop.

ABBERLINE
(anguished)
Where is she?

The cop inclines his head, indicating the room. Abberline looks inside - the blood splattered walls, the crumpled form covered by a bloody sheet. The world reels...

COP
There's a bag by the wash-stand. It's got a few things in it - a woman by the name of Mary Kelly.

But Abberline barely hears. He steps inside the room. The cop, disinterested, turns away. Abberline looks - the dress Mary was wearing the last time he saw her is hanging in the closet. On the table is the photograph of her family in Ireland. He reaches down and picks up a silk ribbon a woman uses to tie her bonnet. He runs the fabric - her fabric - through his fingers.

Slowly he goes to the bed. As hard as it is, he has to look at her. He takes hold of the sheet and draws it back. His eyes go to her face. But it's not really a face any more - just a mutilated and bloody mess. We push in on him - the anguish and fury overwhelm him. He's going to kill Gull! Conspiracy or not, he's going to kill him!

BROOK STREET

The houses in the street are in darkness - all except for number 74. Gas lights illuminate the entrance to Gull's home. A cab pulls up in front.

IN THE ENTRY HALL

A butler - dressed, but obviously roused from bed - crosses the marble foyer and opens the front door. Abberline stands on the threshold. The butler looks the disheveled figure up and down but before he can say anything, Gull - freshly bathed and scented - appears at the top of the stairs. He and Abberline look at each other. Gull comes forward, calm and pleasant -

GULL
I can only assume it's official business
that brings you out at such an hour.
What's happened, Inspector?

ABBERLINE
No, not official - personal.

Gull can't miss the anger in Abberline's voice but he's completely composed. He smiles -

GULL
Then I only hope I can be of help. Do
you mind the study, Inspector? Given
the hour, I think we can allow ourselves
a little informality, don't you?

Abberline is so wound up he barely makes sense of what Gull is saying. Gull ushers him into -

THE STUDY

A fire still burns in the hearth. Gull takes a taper and starts to light the lamps.

GULL
If you can tell me, Inspector -

ABBERLINE
(interrupting)
You left something behind in Mitre Square.

For a fraction of a second it makes Gull pause but then he covers it, continuing his task.

GULL
That's strange - I don't recall ever being in Mitre Square.

ABBERLINE
It's where Kate Eddowes was murdered.

GULL
Kate Eddowes? Really?

Abberline says nothing. At last Gull turns and looks at him - Abberline is holding out the white handkerchief. Gull stares at the bloody heel-print of the three-turreted castle. A beat - then he laughs.

GULL
Who would have thought it - the vanity of hand-made shoes? A poorer man might have passed completely unnoticed. It's hard not to appreciate the irony of it, isn't it?

Abberline says nothing.

GULL
So, is that why you're here, Inspector - to arrest me? Because if you are, I think I should explain a number of things to you. It could save you substantial embarrassment -

ABBERLINE
I know about Prince Edward.

It stops Gull in his tracks.

GULL
So - the question about Annie Crook wasn't just an idle inquiry then? I should have realized. Well... I stand corrected, Inspector - your reputation may be deserved after all. As you know about the Prince, there's no need for me to say anymore, is there? You must understand perfectly the favor and protection in which Her Majesty holds me.

ABBERLINE
Perfectly, Sir William. But I'm not here to arrest you.

He draws the revolver out from under his jacket.

GULL
Now I understand - it's *justice* you want!

ABBERLINE
I wasn't sure you even knew the word.

GULL
Oh, I know it. But I'm afraid you're bound to be disappointed. You won't find justice, at least not here, Inspector.

ABBERLINE
There you go again - another under-estimation. What do you call an execution?

He raises the gun and points it straight at Gull.

GULL
And they'll hang you for it. They'll say you murdered an innocent man. Is that the justice you're looking for?! Five women dead and the man who knows the truth strung up at Newgate. Will that restore your faith?

ABBERLINE
I doubt it - but it'll do for now.

From outside, very faint, the sound of a carriage stopping. Neither Abberline or Gull pay it any mind. Abberline cocks the hammer. The doctor stares straight down the barrel.

GULL
I did my duty, that's all! I was a loyal servant of the Crown. If it's justice you're looking for, what about them? Shouldn't they be brought to account? But they won't be, will they? It's only you that will be punished. But go ahead - throw your life away. In the end, it won't change a thing.

ABBERLINE
Good night, doctor. I'll be looking at your face. I want to see the bullet hit.

His finger starts to squeeze the trigger. He looks along the barrel, straight at Gull's eyes. Behind the doctor, a flicker of movement. For a moment, Abberline racks focus - he is looking through a set of french doors. Someone is hurrying up the front steps - it's a woman. She turns and looks into the study. It's Mary!

GULL
What is it, Inspector? Lost your nerve?

Mary walks up to the french doors. Abberline's hand on the gun starts to shake.

GULL
You can't do it, can you? Deep inside, you believe in the law -

Abberline wrenches his eyes away from mary. he looks at Gull as if seeing him for the first time. Abberline's fist smashes out! The butt of the pistol crashes into Gull's fleshy cheek. Crunch! The sound of breaking bone and teeth. Gull crumples, unconscious.

Abberline goes to the doors and unlatches them. Mary takes a step towards him and he opens up his arms. She's real - he's holding her! They kiss - but only for a moment. Abberline's mind is racing. He bustles her out along the front terrace.

ABBERLINE
I don't know what happened... but he thinks he murdered you. You're dead, Mary! And in killing you, he's given you back your life. You're free, Mary!

MARY
But won't somebody identify -

ABBERLINE
I've seen the body. Believe me - they can't.

Mary shudders. The cab Mary came in waits at the curb. They hurry towards it. Abberline gives directions to the driver but we don't hear what they are.

INSIDE THE CAB

Abberline climbs in and slams the door shut. The driver snaps the reins - the cab takes off. Abberline turns and looks at her -

ABBERLINE
How, Mary... how?

MARY
I went up the road to buy food for supper. By the time I came back, my pocket had been picked. I told the landlady I'd lost my money - but she wouldn't let me keep the room if I couldn't pay, would she? People were queuing up. There was a young lass, three months pregnant they said. The landlady gave it to her.

ABBERLINE
I was in the room - I saw your dress, the photo -

MARY
I told the landlady I could get money in the morning. She said to leave my things in the room, as security like. She let me have the cheapest doss - a cupboard up near the attic. When I heard women screaming, I took off. I tried to find you at the police station. Then I realized... I guessed you'd come here.

Again they look at one another - for the first time in weeks she almost smiles.

MARY
Where are we going?

ABBERLINE
Victoria Station.

MARY
And then?

ABBERLINE
If anyone recognizes you, it's over. You've got to get out of London.

He pulls one of the steamer tickets and a bunch of banknotes out of his pocket. He thrusts them into her hand.

ABBERLINE
There's a train to Portsmouth every hour. From there you can take the night boat to Ireland.

MARY
Home - that sounds like a fine place to be. But no, Fred! Not without you.

ABBERLINE
I'll be coming.

MARY
When?

ABBERLINE
As soon as I can.

MARY
What are you going to do?

ABBERLINE
(softly)
I'm going to kill him.

MARY
No!

ABBERLINE
Not like that. I should have thought of it before. I'm going to kill him with my head.

The cab stops in front of the huge Victoria railway station. Abberline looks up at the station clock - it's five minutes before the hour.

ABBERLINE
Hurry!

She looks at him -

MARY
Promise me, Fred.

ABBERLINE
I promise.

She reaches out her arms and kisses him. And then again. She gets out of the cab and walks towards the station. He watches her go.

ABBERLINE'S OFFICE

dawn is poking through the window. Abberline sits at his desk, several files in front of him. On top of one we see the title:

The Whitechapel Murders
a.k.a
Jack the Ripper

A knock at the door. A young constable puts his head in.

CONSTABLE
There's a gentleman here to see you, sir. He says he has an appointment but he won't give his name.

Abberline gets to his feet. The door swings open. Ben Kidney of the Special Branch walks in. Abberline puts out his hand -

ABBERLINE
Mr Kidney? It was good of you to come.

KIDNEY
I hope it's worth it, Inspector. I don't like being woken for nothing.

Abberline closes and bolts the door. Kidney notes it - hardly anything escapes his attention - but says nothing.

ABBERLINE
I think you'll find it worthwhile. It concerns the Whitechapel murders. As you may know, their investigation has been my responsibility.

KIDNEY
I'm aware of that.

Abberline sits down behind his desk. He pauses, as if weighing the burden of what he is about to say. He speaks quietly -

ABBERLINE
During the course of my inquiries, I have come across a name. It's an alias, Mr Kidney - I don't know who the person is - but he calls himself Albert Victor.

Even Kidney, as inscrutable as he is, sits forward. His cold eyes stare straight at Abberline.

KIDNEY
Where did you hear this name?

ABBERLINE
From Sir William Gull. Which is why I called you - my inquiries indicate that on at least two occasions he has told people that the murders are somehow connected to a person of great rank. I thought you should know of this.

KIDNEY
Did Sir William elaborate?

ABBERLINE
No. But to be honest, I haven't pursued it. I'm a loyal officer, Mr Kidney - I'm sure there are some areas areas no investigation should blunder into. If there is any truth to what Sir William says, I thought the thing to do was to put it in the hands of those best equipped to deal with it.

KIDNEY
That was exactly the right thing. And you're sure he said nothing else?

ABBERLINE
Not that I know of.

KIDNEY
I'll take care of this. We'll have a talk to Sir William.

He gets to his feet and shakes hands with Abberline.

KIDNEY
People have told me you're a good officer. Ambitious, they said. It seems a man like you has an outstanding career in front of him.

ABBERLINE
(smiling)
I don't think so, Mr Kidney. I'm afriad I decided some time ago to seek opportunities elsewhere.

KIDNEY
That's a shame.

He walks to the door. he's about to open it - then stops. He turns back -

KIDNEY
I'm sorry - I didn't ask you. What made you come to me?

ABBERLINE
That was the easy part. I spoke to a friend. I asked him - "Who will help the widow's son?"

Kidney smiles warmly.

KIDNEY
Good day, Inspector.

ABBERLINE
Good day, Superintendent.

BROOK STREET

It's the morning of the same day. Gull leads Lord Hailsham and Kidney across the foyer and into his study. He closes the door and speaks to Hailsham -

GULL
I was going to call on you this morning - we've got a problem.

KIDNEY
We certainly do.

Before Gull can say anything, there's a noise behind him. He turns - Tom Press, Garret Brack and several other members of the Special Branch come through the doors. A look of confusion, panic crosses Gull's face. He spins back to Hailsham - Kidney is waiting for him. He grabs Gull's arm and drives it up behind his back - the doctor cries out in pain. Tom Press has the handcuffs on before Gull even realizes.

THE QUEEN'S STUDY

A middle-aged man stands nervously in front of Queen Victoria.

VICTORIA
As a surgeon, Sir Richard, are we right in saying that the removal of the thyroid gland can have devastating effects on memory?

SIR RICHARD
That's quite right, Your Majesty.

VICTORIA
And there are medical conditions which would lead a doctor to perform such an operation?

SIR RICHARD
Most certainly, ma'am.

VICTORIA
Even under unusual circumstances, a doctor could find ethical reasons for undertaking such an operation - am I right, Sir Richard?

SIR RICHARD
There can be no higher ethical reason than the opportunity to serve Queen and country, ma'am.

Victoria inclines her head and smiles, acknowledging his loyalty.

VICTORIA
Excellent, Sir Richard.

PORTSMOUTH DOCKS

Passengers line the decks of the night boat to Ireland. Mary stands near the gangplank, watching the crowd on the wharf. There's no sign of Abberline. The ship's whistle blows - seamen start to cast off the stern lines.

She turns away, downcast. Then, out of the corner of her eye, she sees something. She turns back - it's him! Abberline is running down the wharf, carrying the overnight bag, heading for the gangplank. She tries to smile but she's too close to tears. She goes towards him - halfway down the gangplank they meet. He takes her in his arms. They kiss.

BEDLAM

is the name of England's worst lunatic asylum. In a stone-walled cavern, men dressed in nightshirts, some of them shackled, walk in an endless circle. One man stands out - his nightshirt still white, not yet soiled by years of incarceration. It's Gull.

The once bright eyes are vacant, disoriented now. He stumbles into the circling mass. Slowly he starts to walk. We pull back to reveal room after room - hundreds of men are circling endlessly, his companions in the seventh ring of Hell.

THE COAST OF IRELAND

appears out of the mist. We draw closer. In the first light of day it looks like a land born brand new. Abberline and Mary stand on the deck of the boat staring out at it. Mary turns and looks at Abberline. She speaks softly -

MARY

Home.

Abberline puts his arm around her shoulder. They stand together, the land coming closer, the sun rising higher by the second.

THE END